

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Vol. XV.—No. 19.
Copyright, 1895, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1895.

TERMS—\$6.50 PER YEAR,
Including Library and Premium Volumes.
In Canada, \$7.50. [See page 4.]



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY—A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY.

ONCE A WEEK

521-527 West Thirteenth Street
510-514 West Fourteenth Street
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, ONE YEAR, twenty-six paper-covered books (New Novels, and choice of any set of premium books, including Balzac's "Human Comedy," "Life of the Great Napoleon," "Capitals of the Globe," "Milton's Paradise Lost," or "Dante's Inferno").
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$6.50

ONCE A WEEK, one year, and choice of any set of above premium books, exclusive of Library, \$5.00
In Canada (including British Columbia and Manitoba), freight and duty on premium books prepaid \$3.50

ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of twenty-six paper-covered volumes of Library and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada \$3.50

To Canada, ONCE A WEEK and Semi-Monthly Library, exclusive of Premium Volumes \$6.00
ONCE A WEEK Library, without the newspaper, twenty-six volumes per year \$2.50
In Canada \$3.00

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 523 West 13th Street, New York, where the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER TENELON COLLIER,

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short articles, poems, &c., will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Do men take themselves too seriously?

Is it true that the importance of our "tiny planet" is infinitesimal compared with that of other and vaster spheres which compose the universe?

Is the "little drama of humanity" a mere incident, or succession of trifling incidents, in the great Epic of Time?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in an article entitled "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," published in a current number of the *North American Review*, intimates as much. The old flattering belief upheld by the teachings of dogmatic religion, that the earth is "the centre of the universe, the primary object of divine care and the grand theatre of divine administration" has, he thinks, been sapped at its foundations by the encroachments of the kingdom of Science, and, in consequence, thinking men of to-day are forced to see that their destiny is of so little account in the general scheme of things that any anxiety they may feel concerning it is simply ludicrous. "What fools we mortals be!" is the reflection the scientist deduces from his latest guesses at the riddle of existence.

It is not to be expected that doubting souls, eagerly casting about for some tenable theory of the universe, will accept in a spirit of joy and thankfulness this wholly pessimistic conclusion. But optimism, of the orthodox kind, is, according to Mr. Goldwin Smith, no longer possible. He denies even that Christianity is optimistic, though for reasons which, to many of his readers, will seem inadequate, since that religion is surely founded on hope, and without hope could not retain its hold on humanity for a single day.

Following the recent example of Mr. Balfour in his work on "The Foundations of Belief," Mr. Smith prepares us for his reading of the riddle of existence by clearing the ground of rival attempts at solution of the great problem. Dogmatic religion is dismissed with a smile, as being in its death-throes. Science, we are told, has also given natural theology its quietus. The doctrine of evolution, as expounded by Mr. Drummond in his "Ascent of Man," is rejected as being "in apparently irreconcileable conflict with our human notions of benevolence and justice."

Mr. Kidd's theory, that man's progress finds its motive power in altruism, acting with a supernatural and extra-rational sanction against reason, finds no favor in the eyes of Dr. Smith, who adduces various arguments to prove its inadequacy; and to Mr. Balfour's recent work, his only reply is "a gentle caveat

against any idea of driving the world back through general skepticism to faith."

The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Smith are not, as may be judged from the opening paragraph, of a nature to hearten the individual for a life-struggle here, or inspire him with the hope of a happier future existence. Pain, which can be borne with dignity and resignation as long as it is felt to be a providential agent, becomes intolerable when regarded as "the ruthless operation of blind chance." The soul, once deemed the reflection of divinity, and the link that bound man to the highest possible state of existence, is now, according to the disclosures of science, of corporeal origin; its ultimate destiny, annihilation. Religion, with all its gracious and helpful influences, shall pass away and universal skepticism shall rule the minds of men. We are made to pursue knowledge, but we shall never know anything because agnosticism alone is right, provided it is a counsel of honesty and not a counsel of despair.

The ordinary practical man will see in Mr. Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" only a new proof added to many, that in investigations of this character real discovery is impossible. Instead of being downcast by the suggestion that his individual existence and destiny are of no moment whatever, or of feeling ashamed of the importance he attaches to the things which concern his immediate and future welfare, it is more probable that he will look through the other end of the glass and bestow his commiseration on the man who persists in busying himself with matters beyond his ken, while neglecting and despising those that obviously and pressingly concern him.

Far from taking himself too seriously, man does not take himself seriously enough. It is precisely his failure to appreciate his own importance which paralyzes effort and stultifies ambition in the individual. The race owes nothing, in its onward march, to the timid and self-deprecating. It owes everything to those whose courage, constancy and powers of concentration were proof against every obstacle and temptation. If man is indeed a humble creature, he need not be ashamed of working out a humble destiny, providing he works it out to the best of his ability. Can he by taking thought add a cubit to his stature or a new faculty to his mind wherewith to penetrate the mysteries that now baffle his limited intelligence? No; but he can accept with philosophic resignation the limitations which are assigned to him, and, atom though he be, he can make of himself a good and useful atom, instead of despising himself because he is not a sphere.

"Light, more light" is the cry of every human intelligence in these days of free philosophical investigation; but among the more recent as among the earlier exponents of systems and theories bearing on the subjects which are of transcendent interest to man, we look in vain for the one who shall pronounce the magic words "Fiat lux." Between the poles of Belief and Unbelief most of us are still swimming in a great sea of doubt.

In the triumphant advent of the bicycle a timorous Western editor thinks that he sees the decline of that provincialism which is so picturesque in the novels of Miss Wilkins and Miss Murfree and other close observers of social "types." Every farmer's boy owns a bicycle, and whereas he formerly drove and visited within a radius of five miles, his area of acquaintance can now cover a circle of two hundred and fifty miles. Of old it was within a circumference of thirty or sixty miles that he selected his future helpmeet and "the provincialisms of the community went on perpetuating themselves."

I see no reason to suppose that a little bicycling through a district will result in anything more than an exchange of colloquialisms. Fortunately this country is not cursed with any great diversity of dialects; but the few which it possesses will hardly fade out before the visits of a few thousand, or a few scores of thousand wheeplemen. Nothing is so tenacious as dialect once well rooted. Railroad trains have been running for forty years through thirteen towns in the South of France, no two of which are more than ten miles apart. Yet the word used for plow is to-day different in each town, just as it was eight hundred years ago.

Senator Peffer says that no man can earn a million dollars in his lifetime. "Why! at my salary of five thousand dollars as United States Senator," he recently remarked, "I should have to hold office two hundred years!" Rather than contemplate such a contingency, I feel sure that the people would get up a subscription of a million for him.

Mr. Willard withdrew the "Vigilant," on August 6, from the remaining Newport races. He says that Mr. Gould and he, as Mr. Gould's representative, prepared the "Vigilant" for racing "for no purpose in the world except to assist in developing the fastest American yacht, and thus aid in the defense of the America's

Cup." But, he says, he cannot consent to continue racing the "Vigilant" unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. He has hence given way to the "Defender" at the start of a race, when the "Vigilant" clearly had the right of way, because he was unwilling to risk a collision which might leave America without a Cup defender. He claims that in the race of the 6th the "Defender" again violated the rules; and he declines to have any further responsibility of avoiding accidents cast upon him. Meantime the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club has decided against this protest, and in favor of the "Defender."

Mr. William Nixon, the well-known shipbuilder and naval architect and expert, is decidedly skeptical as to the value of the "Defender" as an antagonist of "Valkyrie III." He even asserts that, unless the "Defender" does better than in her recent performances, the Cup will go back to England in the hold of Lord Dunraven's yacht. He points out that the "Britannia" has outsailed the "Vigilant" many times; that the new "Valkyrie" has easily defeated the "Britannia"; and that as the "Defender" has only been barely able to beat the "Vigilant" she must be no more than equal to the "Britannia," and far inferior to Lord Dunraven's craft.

Mr. Nixon observes that American and English yachts are yearly becoming more and more alike, the designers in each country rapidly appropriating the ideas of their rivals. If the "Defender" were capable of better performance he thinks that the sudden action of the British designer in departing from the deep keel and narrow beam, just as the Americans were about recognizing their excellence, ought to place the challenger at a disadvantage. If we are beaten this time, he recommends sending a schooner to England when we try to get the Cup back again.

The "department stores," in reaching out for new worlds to demoralize, have cast their greedy eyes upon the electrical supply trade, and are cutting into it with their usual impudence and disregard of decency. This vast new business, already figuring up scores of millions annually, is certainly a tempting field for the piratical incursions of the Lazarus men; but it will not be surrendered without a vigorous fight. Already manufacturers of electrical goods have refused to fill the orders of department stores, desiring to protect the regular electrical supply houses from an attack which is entirely outside the limits of fair competition.

Of course the danger is that when the piratical bazaar men get to dealing on a large scale in electrical supplies, the quality of the goods will be diminished, as was the case in the silver business. The movement will bear close watching.

Governor Morton's earnest appeal, made in his last message, for action looking to general improvement of the highways in this State, has brought forth good fruit. The Good Roads Committee appointed by the last Assembly has not been idle. It has been carefully investigating the highway systems of Massachusetts and New Jersey, specially studying the "State aid" plan in use in both these States.

It is now about to undertake a tour throughout this commonwealth, holding meetings and giving hearings on the subject of good roads. Its chief mission will be to arouse local sentiment in favor of wide and general road improvement by showing the farming populations what advantages to them would accrue from it. The committee also wishes to find out how far State aid will meet the views of the people. A report to the Legislature, recommending a "good roads law," will be one outcome of the committee's present tour.

A retired German army officer is on a tour in search of the original Garden of Eden, where he desires to found a colony, in which everybody shall go naked, and eat nothing but fruit and nuts. At latest accounts he was in Ceylon, about to set out on a journey through a country where he would be equally in danger from wild beasts and wild men. I fear that he would find German colonists, especially, unwilling to give up the flesh-pots and the beer-pots) of civilization for a sojourn in a colony located upon the problematic site of the earthly paradise.

The experiment would be interesting, if only to see whether the New Woman—the *fin de siècle* Eve, so to speak—would be simple enough to talk with the serpent, and to linger in the vicinity of wild apple trees. But Ceylon is a long distance from Germany, and the idea of dispensing with gowns and bonnets, when both aid so much in personal adornment, will never be popular with the female colonist who has once known a high grade of civilization.

The Philadelphia *Record* thinks that under true conditions the "Columbia" can beat all ocean records. The Navy Department, remarks the editor, has acted like a turfman who should enter his horse for a race in half-condition, and should instruct the jockey to let him run at only so fast a gait. The result is that not

only has the trial run proved indecisive, but even the value of the triple screw has been impugned. And so, reasons the editor, the "Columbia" should be dry-docked once more, thoroughly coaled and stokerized, and sent on a two days' race under forced draught against time. But why? So that all foreign nations may know exactly in advance what they have to compete against?

The slaughter of English missionaries in China, and the attack upon American mission property, will doubtless have very serious results for China. Both America and England should take measures such that the miscalled "Celestials" will never dare to commit outrages again upon persons or property under the protection of their flags. France has just obtained substantial guarantees that her missions in Chinese territory shall in no wise be interfered with; we should do well to imitate her example. It is barely twenty-five years since the horrible massacre of the French Consul, the French interpreter and his bride, and twenty French nuns at Tientsin. To-day the mandarins who pass their time in inditing libels upon the "foreign devils" take care not to include the French in their slanders. For they know that if they do it they must repent of it at the cannon's mouth.

United States Minister Denby has made a sweeping peremptory call upon the Chinese Government for the fullest protection for all Americans living in China, for redress for injuries to persons and property, and for the capital punishment of the perpetrators of the recent massacres. This is almost identical with the demands of the British Minister. It is consoling to reflect that we have in Chinese waters a fleet large enough to enforce our demands. The Vegetarians, as the secret society which has been attacking the missions is called, may be too strong for the Chinese forces. In that case an armed American-English expedition might not be a bad idea.

Looking back over the history of thirty years, it will be seen that massacres of foreigners in China have been alarmingly frequent. In 1870, 1871, 1872, in 1874, 1875 and in 1876 the French were especially sufferers. In 1883 the British concession at Canton was burned and there was an uprising against English missionaries; in 1884, 1885 and 1886 similar attacks occurred in other towns; and every year thereafter some atrocity was registered against the Celestials. The frightful record of 1891 will never be forgotten. It is an ineffaceable stain upon the Chinese officials. A joint demonstration by the fleets of the great Powers seems quite as necessary in China as in Turkey.

Who will be the next Democratic candidate for President?

Will it be Hill, Bayard, Eustis or Whitney? The way in which the last-named has been brought to the foreground suddenly is certainly significant. ONCE A WEEK gives its front page this week to the portrait of the ex-Secretary, but awaits developments before pronouncing pro or con.

The San Francisco *News-Letter* says that but little of the mineral wealth of California has yet been developed. All over the State are gold mines, which, in the early gold-finding period, were carried down, as a rule, to the point where water interfered with operations, and then "passed into history with their tales of the untold wealth which had accrued to their lucky owners." Wise investors are now turning again to these not half-exhausted mines, and wherever they apply modern ideas and inventions in machinery a fortune is the result. The "Golden Gate" will soon see new argosies of gold-diggers arriving.

I suppose that it will not be long before colonizing expeditions will be on their way to the new Antarctic Continent which is represented by the explorers as a very good place for settlement. The International Geographical Congress recently held in London agreed that exploration of the Continent and a voyage to the South Pole must at once be undertaken. But this, by the way, is about the only thing upon which they did agree. A possibility of the near future is a steamship line from Greater New York to some port in the Antarctic. And what is the new Continent to be called? It is twice as large as Europe, and therefore has room for many hundreds of millions of people.

The summary condemnation of an American citizen named Stern at Kissengen, to a fortnight's imprisonment or six hundred marks' fine because he insisted that he knew more about his own son's age than the Jack-in-boots who interrogated him, will heighten the disgust felt by American travelers for the German Imperialism of to-day. It is needless to say that it would not be tolerated for five minutes anywhere in this country; and if Kissengen wishes to play at it, it will have to get along without its American patronage.

Germans who have lived in this country a few years rebel most heartily against the swaggering officialism of their native land, when they happen to be revisiting

the "old country." A Pennsylvania German was asking some questions at a little station on the Rhine one day not long ago, when the station master, resplendent in his buttons and military uniform, nettled at the free-and-easy tone in which the questions were asked, began to shout, *Wer sind sie?* What is your name? What do you want? The Pennsylvania German stepped up, and putting his hand on the station master's shoulder, said: "Don't shout at me, sir! I am an American citizen, and I allow no man to shout at me!" The official was so astonished and enraged that he foamed at the mouth, and the American-German, profiting by a passing train, made his escape just in time to avoid a fate probably much worse than that which has befallen Mr. Stern.

Dr. Cornelius Herz is reported to be dying at Bournemouth in England. He declares that he leaves a great telegraphic invention to be patented and developed. It is an enormous improvement in telegraphy, by which more than a million words can be transmitted by long submarine cables in the same time that twenty words can be sent now. The invention would render it possible to cable fifty words for five cents. It would also, he says, render submarine telephony possible. The New York *Tribune* remarks: "It is inexplicably sad that his life should be thus ended under a cloud of scandal," and adds that whatever be the facts of his connection with Panama, "it is certain that he is entitled to foremost rank among contemporary promoters of electrical science."

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held in this city for four days beginning with August 7. This "silver jubilee" was a memorable occasion, made so by important speeches and sermons favoring the most earnest efforts in the cause of temperance and Sunday observance. The work of Police Commissioner Roosevelt and his colleagues was heartily approved. Commissioner Roosevelt addressed the convention, claiming that his work was in favor of the poor man, and was promoting his welfare and that of his wife and family.

Italy is making wrathful comments upon Russian interference with her colonial plans in Abyssinia, and calls King Menelik "ungrateful." Meantime he is trying, both in Italy and Russia, to get the best bargain he can.

Congressman Boutelle says that the Hawaiian incident is by no means closed. At the coming session he will introduce a bill for the immediate annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States.

"Too many measures and too many leaders" is the universal verdict—even that of the Liberals themselves—as to the causes of the recent downfall of the British Liberal party.

The union of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of Pittsburgh, to promote the use of electric power on railroads, is encouraging. The reign of steam as a means of locomotion appears to be nearly over.

Charles Foster, one of the oldest of American playwrights, died in this city on Monday, August 5.

Mr. Gladstone's strong plea for coercion of Turkey to accord immediate reforms in Armenia arouses the most active Conservative hostility. The *Morning Post* of London says that Mr. Gladstone's policy, if carried out, would cause a European conflagration; and England, with her millions of Mahomedan subjects in India, might be threatened with a renewal of the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Everything indicates that the Conservatives are going to be too busy with foreign affairs for the next year or two to pay much attention to home reforms.

Mr. Henry Fish gives a thoughtful and truthful sketch of James Gordon Bennett in *Munsey's Magazine* for August. One part of this sketch is so good and just that I am tempted to republish it:

"A generous appreciation of his assistants' endeavors is one of Mr. Bennett's characteristics; it is also one of the elements of his continued success. Another is an unselfish tendency to obey the journalistic principles established by his father. He is satisfied that the elder Bennett was the greatest and ablest newspaper man ever born, and follows religiously in his footsteps wherever it is possible to do so under the changed conditions of to-day. It was a rule with the founder of the *Herald* to buy up ideas from any one who offered them; ideas for present and for future use; ideas, too, that might benefit the enemy—that is, the *Herald*'s rivals, if they fell into other hands. When the younger Bennett entered upon his father's inheritance he found his paper's intellectual larder filled with good things—schemes and thoughts, impressions and opinions from a thousand and one sources; every one feasible, calculated to enhance the *Herald*'s chances for popularity, or at least to forestall a successful *coup* by a competitor.

A good many of these ideas have been put into execution, and others are marked for use at an early opportunity, but the stock has not been allowed to diminish. It is augmented and amended daily, and neither hard times nor extraordinary expenses—such as the building

of the new *Herald* palace—have been allowed to interfere with this department. If by any cause Mr. Bennett should be deprived of the services of his ablest lieutenants to-day, the New York *Herald* would never lag in interest for a moment. Its continuous attractiveness is insured for years to come by a system that is probably unique in journalism."

The portrait of Mr. Bennett accompanying the article is one of the best I have ever seen. Some of the later published pictures of the distinguished owner of the New York *Herald* were little better than caricatures.

Leander J. McCormick, the famous inventor, manufacturer and philanthropist, is lying critically ill at Lake Forest, Ill.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York recently made a visit to the torpedo-destroyer "Charger" on the occasion of a speed trial. After they had gone ashore it was discovered that the crown of the fire-box was cracked, and the fires were hastily quenched to prevent the boiler from exploding. Had this happened during the trial trip the Prince and his son might have been blown up.

The Iowa Democrats have fallen into line with their brethren of Kentucky and have emphatically declared for sound money.

Samuel Gompers and P. J. McGuire are to make a tour of Europe, to attend the British Trade Union Congress, which will meet in Cardiff on Labor Day, and afterward to visit the industrial centres of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland.

The wife of Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage of Brooklyn died at Dansville, N. Y., on August 5.

Sunday arrests for drunkenness in this city have decreased in number by more than one-third since the enforcement of the Excise law was undertaken.

The young lady organist of the Methodist Church in a small Ohio town has ventured to appear at church in bloomers, presumably with a view to bicycling on her homeward way, and the congregation is much scandalized because the pastor has approved of her course.

The mast of the huge Sound steamer "Priscilla" was struck by lightning while she was discharging her passengers at her pier in this city during the furious storm of August 7.

Ebenezer Kellogg Wright, the well-known president of the National Park Bank of this city, died of meningitis, after an illness of two weeks, at Monmouth Beach, N. J., on Sunday, August 4.

Preliminary work is now in progress on the great Hudson River bridge which is to give this city direct connection with all the railroad systems of the West and South. The bridge is to cost thirty-six million dollars, will be finished in four years, and forty millions of people will cross it annually.

Mrs. Phineas T. Barnum, widow of the famous showman, has recently been united in marriage to a wealthy Greek.

The rumor that the Rothschilds have been negotiating for the purchase of the famous Anaconda copper mines of Montana is authoritatively denied.

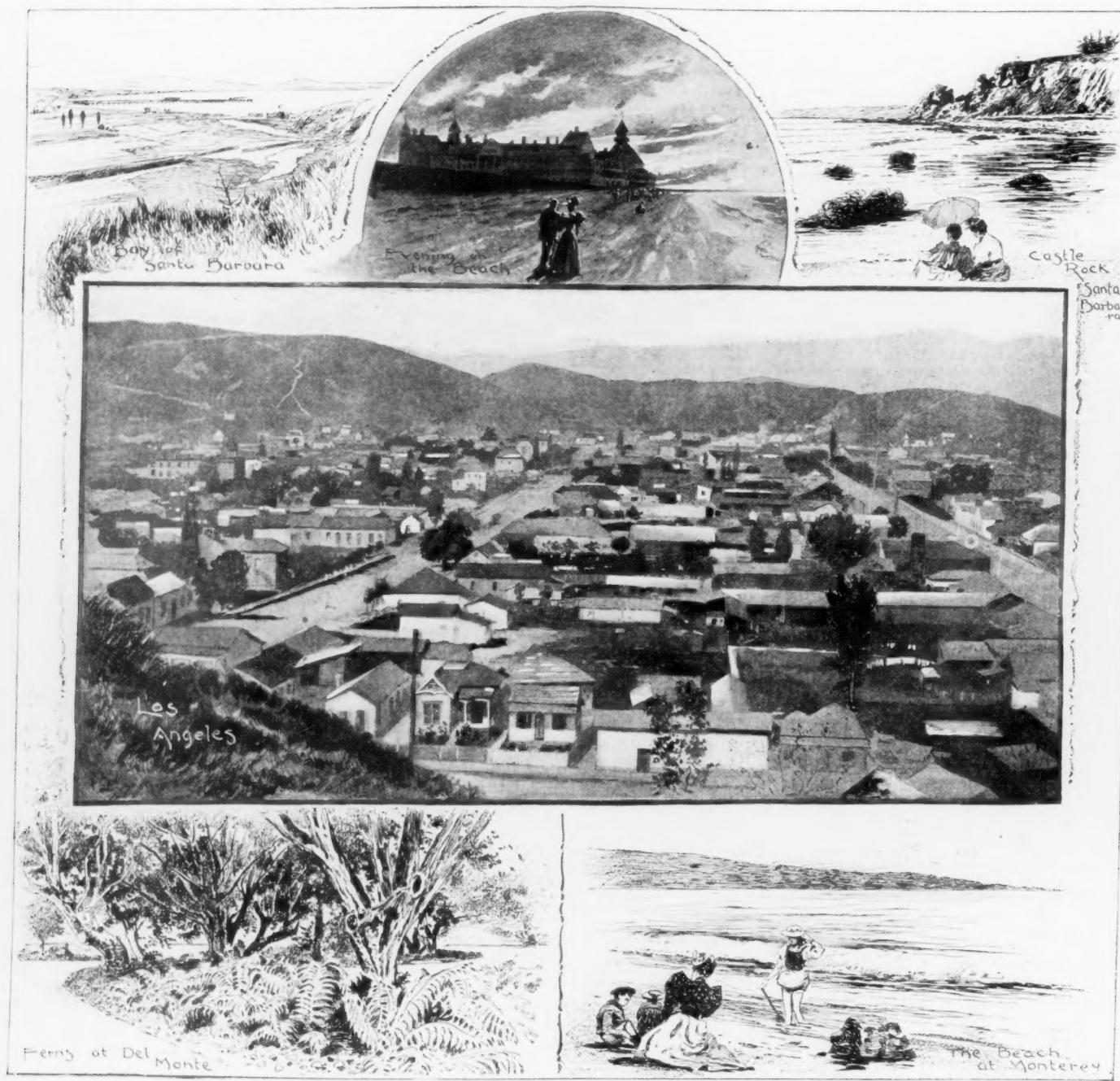
Mr. Justice Jackson of the United States Supreme Court died at his country home near Nashville, Tenn., on August 8. He has been in ill health for a year, and it will be remembered that he left a sick bed to attend at the rehearing of the Income Tax case at Washington in May last.

M. Yves Guyot, the well-known French economist, and at one time Minister of Public Works in France, says that there has never been a time since the beginning of the world when there were so many millions of human beings at once as prosperous and as free as they are now.

Mr. Augustin Daly, says the London *Saturday Review*, "regards Art as a quaint and costly ring in the nose of Nature."

Dr. George F. Root, the well-known composer and author of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Just Before The Battle," and other war songs which attained phenomenal popularity, died at Bailey's Island, Maine, August 7. Had he lived Dr. Root would have celebrated his golden wedding August 28.

Mr. John H. Parnell, brother of the great Home Rule leader, and recently elected to the British Parliament from South Meath, now occupies Avondale, the family estate. He supplies from the woods of his domain a vast number of the furze sticks used in this country as umbrella handles, and makes a snug income by it.



SOME CALIFORNIA WATERING-PLACES.

THE seacoast of Southern California was the scene of some of the earliest settlements within the bounds of what is now the United States. The early Spaniards and missionaries were quick to perceive the salubrious qualities of the climate, and their descendants and successors have trodden in their footsteps. Not only from the Pacific States do the visitors to this chain of resorts come by thousands, all the year round, but from every part of the Continent and from the Old World besides.

It has been cleverly said that California has no climate in the ordinary sense of that word; by which is meant that there are very few changes of weather and temperature. Santa Barbara is called the Nice of America, and justly so. Its mildness and its curative air are known the world round. Santa Barbara Bay is one of the finest on the coast, and the sweep of beach is of noble proportions, reminding one of its Mediterranean namesake on the other side of the world. Later, fame has come to the place from the residence near there of "H. H.", the distinguished authoress, Helen Hunt Jackson, the scene of whose novel "Ramona" was laid near by. In fact, the tourist may, if he choose, visit Ramona's home—an adobe one-story, rambling structure shaded by graceful trees.

Only second to Santa Barbara is Monterey, on the southern bend of the bay of that name, the place of rendezvous of all the early navigators, and the scene of many important historical and political events. The

place was settled in 1602, under orders from Philip III. of Spain, and was named in honor of the then Viceroy of Mexico, the Count of Monterey. The noble sweep of beach at this place reminds one irresistibly of some Eastern shore resorts, and affords excellent bathing at all times, or states of the tide. Here is the famous Hotel Del Monte, and here are the equally famous ferns of Del Monte.

Santa Monica is another charming seaside place, noted for its peculiarly mild and balmy temperature. The bathing is superb, and may be enjoyed at all seasons of the year. While New York is swept by fierce blizzards one may bathe with the surf here, or lie on the sand in scanty negligé, taking a sun bath. Redondo Beach (Spanish "round") is a few miles from Los Angeles, where the floor-like beach and a noble surf call to mind the similar attractions at Quogue or Southampton on the Atlantic. All of these places are equally renowned for their modern hotels.

Los Angeles is perhaps the best known by name the world round. As its name implies, it is an angelic spot, whether for health, scenery, climate or pleasure. It is backed by mountains, and so sheltered from every chilling wind that its vineyards, orchards and gardens bloom the year round. It is the social metropolis of the coast, and there is a constant influx of visitors on relaxation or recuperation bent. Viewed from a distance, the place looks like one vast garden.

The oldest town on the California coast is San Diego,

almost on the Mexican boundary. At San Diego one may view the oldest mission house on the coast, founded by Padre Junipero in 1769; also the famous century-old palms. There, too, are dates and figs growing in open air with tropic luxuriance. Only a few miles away is the sister Republic of Mexico. The little town of Tia Juana is reached by rail, and the boundary line between the two countries runs right through Juana.

A narrow peninsula separates the waters of San Diego Bay from the Pacific Ocean. On this sandy promontory lies Coronado Beach, where stands the mammoth Hotel Del Coronado, one of the largest and most sumptuous watering-place hotels in the United States. The beach is suggestive of Cape May, and the hotel almost kisses the waves as they roll in resistless force from the four thousand miles of Pacific which stretch away to the westward. With the ocean on one side and the blue waters of the bay on the other, Coronado Beach is one of the most unique resorts anywhere to be found. In the gardens of the hotel, waving in the ever-constant sea breezes, fruits from the temperate and the tropic zones ripen side by side, while every known flower is in bloom. The stranger recognizes many a homely and well-known perfume mingling with the richer aroma from strange blossoms and richer petals. In fact, the "Court of the Tropics" at Coronado Beach is justly esteemed one of the wonders of the coast.

FREDERIC REDDALL.

SEA-SHELLS.

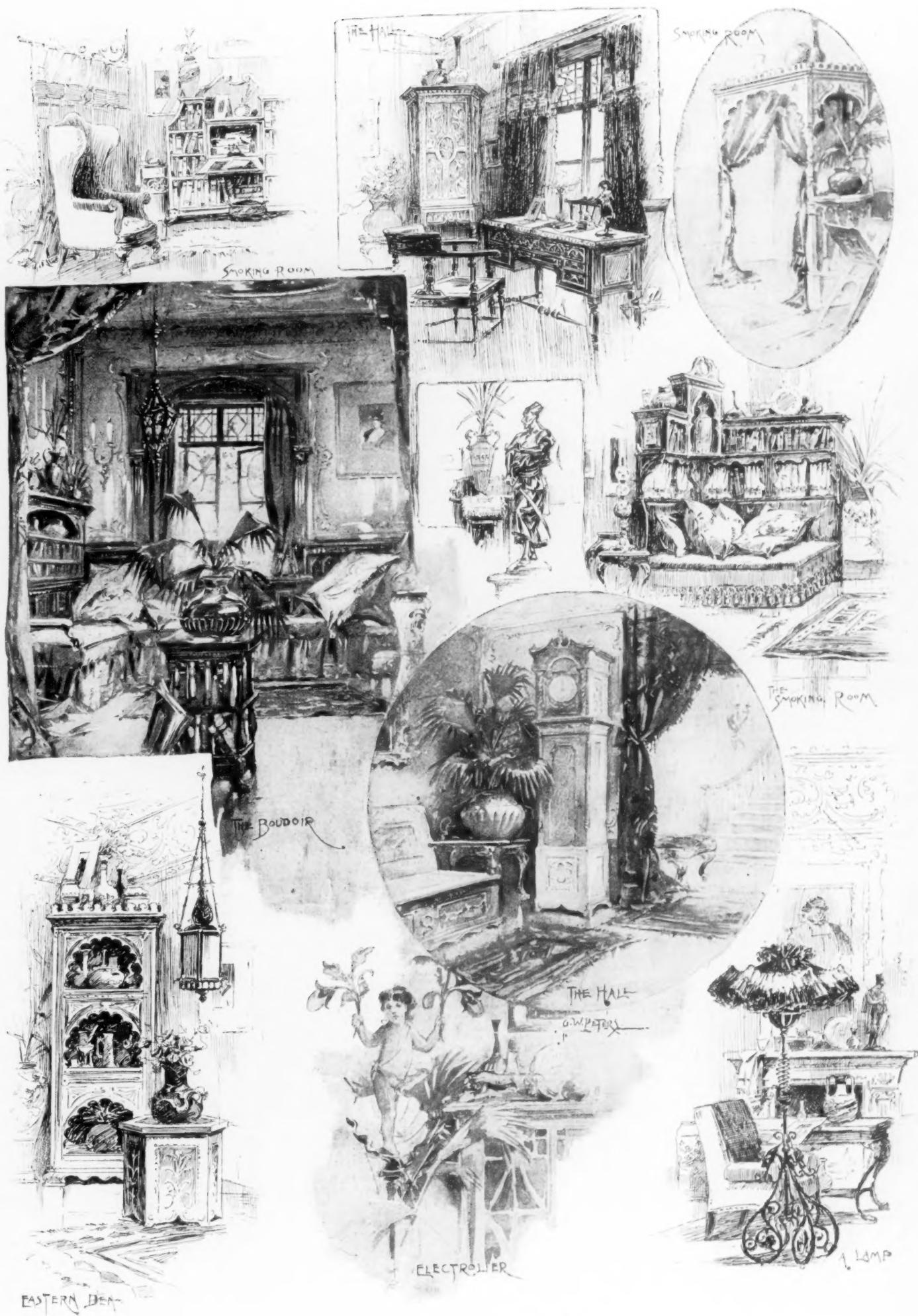
A GENTLEMAN who lives near Reading, England, owns the most complete and perfect collection of sea-shells in the world. It is valued at from eight to ten thousand pounds. Lady Brassey and Lady Colin Campbell have very fine collections. Mr. Jacob, of Hounds-ditch, is the greatest importer of shells in the world. He has shells of every kind known to the conchologist, amounting in value to ten thousand pounds. Some are so small as to retail at one shilling a pound. Others (clam shells) are three feet across, and weigh two hundredweight each. Margate, Scarborough and Ilfrac-

combe each order from him about one thousand pounds' worth of shells every season. But for each shell he sells in England he disposes of one hundred in France, five hundred in Germany and one thousand in America. The Gloria Maris, of which there are but three specimens, is worth from fifty to sixty pounds, and orange cowries from five to seven pounds each. The British Museum has one of the finest collections in the world, and in the shell gallery of that institution may be seen a magnificent specimen of the exceedingly rare shell pleurotomaria, from the island of Tobago, recently acquired by purchase. It is believed that there are only

thirteen specimens of recent pleurotomaria in existence, of which the Tobago specimen, now forming part of the British Museum collection, is second in size.

THE latest scientific feat is a contrivance by which water is boiled in a sheet of paper. More than water has been made to boil before now by a little sheet of paper. People have been set "boiling over" by a few words on a harmless sheet.

ENGLAND is buying Ohio iron in large quantities, and frankly admits that it is better than her own.



ARTISTIC INTERIORS.

(See page 79)

HOW JACK WAS JILTED.

 It is well known to those who have studied the subject that there are three distinct species of the genus editor. There is the editor who can be seen at any time, the editor who can only be seen by appointment, and the editor who can never be seen at all. Mr. Fleming, the editor of the *Reader*, that high-class weekly which concerns itself chiefly with literature, politics and the fine arts, belonged nominally to the second species, but the law that forbade entrance to casual visitors was not immutable, for a good deal of discretion was vested in the person of his head clerk, the respectable Johnson. Johnson seemed to know by instinct when a visitor, however shabby his appearance, was an influential personage to be conciliated instead of snubbed, and he could always detect possibilities of new and striking "copy" behind the most vacuous and unpromising countenance. Mr. Fleming put perfect faith in Johnson's sagacity, and he had very seldom been disappointed. One wet November morning, however, his trust was somewhat rudely shaken by the invasion of his private sanctum by a young lady, whom Johnson, with rather a shame-faced air, announced as—"Miss Lambert."

Mr. Fleming jumped to his feet in some confusion, and stared at his unexpected visitor in a manner that most young ladies would have found rather embarrassing. But Miss Lambert seemed completely at her ease, as she bowed to the editor, and asked him if it wasn't a dreadful morning.

"May I dry my feet at your fire?" she asked, plaintively. "My shoes are soaked through and through, and that is so dangerous, you know."

Without waiting for permission she drew up a chair to the fire, and sitting down, placed her feet upon the top bar of the grate. She wore very smart shoes, Fleming thought, though he knew very little about such things, and fine open-work stockings. She seemed so completely at home, crouching over the fire and spreading out her pink fingers to the blaze—she had already removed her gloves—that he did not like to ask her what her business was. He wondered vaguely what Johnson could have seen in her that had induced him to show her in to his master's private room. She was very pretty, certainly, with her blue eyes, rose-tinted cheeks, and curly hair on which the raindrops still glistened, but no one could have accused her of looking either important or intellectual.

"It's awfully good of you to let me waste your time like this," she said at length, in the tone of one who expects an instant and sincere disclaimer. "But they always tell one it's so bad to sit in wet shoes, don't they? And I think it's better to risk getting chilblains by putting one's feet on the grate than to lay the seeds of consumption."

She looked at him pleasantly as she spoke, as if she felt every confidence in his interest and sympathy. But Fleming, who was beginning to recover his self-possession, returned her gaze without enthusiasm.

"I really am very busy this morning," he answered, stiffly. "And I shall be much obliged if you will tell me the object of your visit."

"I'm sorry I'm bothering you so dreadfully," returned the girl, with pathetic reproach in her soft eyes. "I only just looked in to ask you if you could give me some work on the *Reader*. I can do book reviews and interviews, and art criticism and dramatic criticism, and I can report concerts and weddings and political meetings. But I must tell you frankly that there is one thing I cannot do, and that is a fashion article. It seems odd, doesn't it, but I suppose I feel that subject too deeply to be able to write about it."

"I am much obliged for your offer," said the editor, feeling rather overwhelmed by this long catalogue of qualifications. "But the fact is our staff is quite complete at present, and we have more copy in hand than we know what to do with."

"Oh, I knew you'd say that," cried Miss Lambert, with a little ripple of laughter. "Editors always do, don't they? But you forgot that there's always room on the top—except on the top of omnibuses—and you could put me on the top, couldn't you? Do give me a book to review. What is this fat thing?"

As she spoke she crossed the room to his table, and took up a new book of travels that lay upon it.

"Let me take this home and review it," she pleaded, looking down upon Fleming with appealing eyes.

"But that's been promised to one of the staff," he said, feebly, though he began to feel that it was vain to struggle against this determined and irrepressible young woman. "And—and, how can I tell that you are qualified to write for a paper like the *Reader*? If you will excuse my saying so, you look far too young to have had any experience worth speaking of."

"Oh, but I have," she returned, with a little nod of her pretty head. "I've reviewed books for the *Literary Banner*."

"The *Literary Banner*!" he exclaimed in surprise, for the paper held a high position among periodicals of its class.

"Yes, but not under my own name; I took a pseudonym," put in the girl, hastily. "Now, if you'll let me take the book I'll go away at once, and not tease you any more."

The inducement she held out was a strong one, and Fleming succumbed to it.

After all, he reflected, if she could write for the *Literary Banner*, she must have something in her. Perhaps in admitting her Johnson had given yet one more instance of his extraordinary sagacity.

"Well, you may try your hand on 'Travels in the Congo Free State,' if you like," he said. "But I won't promise to use your article."

"No, no; it's only an experiment," she answered, brightly. "Just to show what I can do. If you are satisfied with this you will give me something else, won't you? Good-morning. Thanks so much for all your kindness."

Fleming mumbled something unintelligible as he took the little hand she held out to him so confidently. When his visitor had finally disappeared he called his clerk, and asked sharply: "Why did you show that young lady into my room, Johnson?"

The old man's brick-dust cheeks turned a deeper red, and his eyes fell beneath his master's gaze, as he stammered out:

"Well, you see, sir, the young lady seemed so anxious to come in, and—and she was so dripping wet, sir." "Johnson," said his master, "I'm afraid you're nothing but an old fool, after all. Why the dickens couldn't you have dried her in the front office?"

Meanwhile Miss Lambert had hurried away, her big book under her arm, to a confectioner's shop in the neighborhood, where a young man was patiently waiting for her at one of the marble-topped tables.

"Well," he said with a smile, as she sat down by his side, "did you really have the courage to beard the lion in his den? I suppose it was as I told you; the jackal refused to allow the lamb to come within reach of his master's claws."

"Not a bit of it," cried the girl, triumphantly. "The little lamb was more than a match for the jackal, and she even got round the surly old bald-headed lion, though he growled at her till she expected to be gobbled up every moment."

"You don't mean to say that you saw Fleming?" he asked in astonishment.

"Not only saw him, but got something out of him," she retorted, saucily. "What do you say to that, sir?"

She took the book from under her cloak, and laid it before him on the table. Jack Brabant gave an irrepressible start and exclamation of dismay as he read the title, and his eyes wandered from the book to his sweetheart's face, and back again to the book, in undisguised perplexity. Mr. Fleming had as good as promised him the reviewing of that work, for Jack had made the affairs of the Congo one of his special studies. The editor must surely have taken leave of his senses if he had really intrusted the task to an ignorant, wholly inexperienced girl.

"The chief really gave you that book to review?" he stammered. "You are sure you understood him?"

"Of course," said Miss Lambert, coolly. "And if I succeed with this he'll give me more work to do. I'm to write a column. How much is a column, Jack? A guinea, isn't it? I shall find a guinea very useful just now."

"But, my darling child," expostulated Jack, more mystified than ever, "what are you thinking of? You know nothing about the Congo, and you never wrote a line in your life except your dear little letters. How can you expect to write an article good enough for the *Reader*?"

Miss Lambert turned her beautiful eyes upon her lover with a faint expression of pained surprise.

"I thought you would help me, Jack," she said, simply. "I would do the same for you if our positions were reversed."

The young man shrank a little at this suggestion.

"Of course I would do anything in the world for you, dear," he said. "But do you think this would be quite fair to Fleming? Wouldn't it be practicing a sort of fraud upon him?"

"Oh, no, it would only be a joke," she answered. "And it can't matter to him who writes an article as long as it is suitable. Besides, it's only for once. Afterward, I shall either get into the way of doing it myself, or else I shall give it up altogether."

Jack reflected for a moment. As she said, it would probably only be for once. Evelyn would very soon tire of this journalistic fancy. He was too generous to tell her that he had expected to review the book himself. Besides, he would most likely have spent the money he received for it in buying a present for her, and it mattered little who got the credit for such a trifling.

"Very well; it shall be as you please," he said, giving in with a good grace. "I suppose I had better write my ideas on the subject, and then you can do what you like with them."

"Yes, that will do beautifully," said Evelyn, radiant now that she had gained her point. "But don't be quite so dry as usual, dear. Put in some lively little touches, such as might be expected from a clever girl."

Jack spent the evening in reading the fat book about the Congo, and the next morning in writing his article. He had been on the staff of the *Reader* for some months, so that he knew exactly what the editor wanted, as well as the number of words contained in a column. He had no very distinctive personal style, and as he had obeyed Evelyn's injunction to be more sprightly than usual, he was not afraid that his hand would be recognized. After lunch he dispatched the manuscript by special messenger to his *fiancee*, who spent the evening in copying it out. Her deaf old aunt, with whom she lived, seldom showed much curiosity about her niece's proceedings. The girl had always insisted on having her own way, and now that she was engaged to a steady young man, Mrs. Lambert felt relieved from all further responsibility on Evelyn's account.

Miss Lambert, who was a firm believer in the efficacy of "personal interviews," carried her manuscript to the office of the *Reader* herself. As luck would have it, the editor happened to be in the outer office at the moment that Evelyn entered.

"Oh, Mr. Fleming," she exclaimed, her face lighting up at the sight of him, "I am so glad I have caught you. There is something I want to ask you. Can you spare me one moment?"

Fleming consented with rather an ill grace, grumbling mentally at the coarseness with which this young woman imposed upon his patience and good-nature. Yet perhaps he was not really so much annoyed as he fancied, for when a man is forty-five, podgy in figure, and rather bald, it is not often that a pretty girl's face breaks into smiles at the sight of him.

"Come in, come in," he said, assuming an air of haste and importance. "Take a seat. Now tell me what I can do for you."

"I want you just to glance at my article," she said, coaxingly. "If you read only a few lines you will be able to tell if it will do, won't you?"

With a sigh of resignation Fleming took the manuscript and unrolled it. It was written in a round school-girlish hand, with scarcely any erasures or interpolations. He read the first paragraph, and his expression grew interested; he turned the page, and it was evident that his attention was engaged. Without looking up he read the article, which was within a few words of the

prescribed length, from beginning to end. While he was thus occupied Evelyn came and stood beside his chair, bending over him a little to ascertain upon which part of her work he was engaged. A faint perfume of white lilac floated from her garments, her breath fanned the sparse locks on the editor's forehead, and he could almost feel the warmth of her young body against his side. When he had finished the article Fleming looked up sharply in the girl's face.

"Yes, it will do," he said. "May I ask whether you have a father or a brother?"

"No, I am an orphan," she replied, gazing in his face with pathetic eyes. "I live alone with an old aunt. We are very poor; that is why I wanted to make a little money."

Her tone made Fleming feel that he had been a brute to suspect the poor child, and yet it was difficult to believe her the writer of the article before him. It was not transcendently good; one or two of the young men on his staff could have done it just as well; but it struck him as an extraordinary production for a young girl who gave no outward sign of excessive culture or intellectuality. It was well expressed, closely reasoned, and contained evidence of general information as well as of a particular knowledge of the subject.

"I suppose you have studied the articles in the *Reader* pretty closely?" he said. "You have caught our style very cleverly, and the article is exactly the right length."

"Oh, yes," she replied with effusion: "I never miss a word of the *Reader*. You can't think how I look forward to Fridays, because it comes out on that day."

The muscles of the editor's face relaxed into something like a smile. His paper was his weak point, his darling hobby. It took the place with him of wife and child, society and all other pleasures. Its success consoled him for his sorrows and compensated him for his loneliness, and praise of it, even from the mouths of babes and sucklings, was sweet. Twenty years before, he had married a young girl who adored him, and for a few months he had been as happy as the day was long. But his wife had died when her baby was born, and the child had been buried with her. After his loss Fleming had shunned society, and thrown himself heart and soul into his work. He could think quite calmly now of that long-dead girl-wife, whose death had cost him such bitter suffering at the time, and he believed that he had outgrown all tendency to sentiment. Something in Evelyn's attitude reminded him of his wife, and he remembered that she used to come and stand by his side and lean over his shoulder when he was inspecting her housekeeping books. She had blue eyes, too, and her face always lit up with smiles at his approach. He put the recollection from him, and turned to the business in hand.

"I will take the article," he said, formally. "Perhaps I had better settle with you for it now."

"Oh, do, please!" said Evelyn, joyfully. "I shall be so very glad of the money. I want some new gloves dreadfully. Look, my fingers are all darned."

She held up a tiny hand close to his eyes. He wondered, in some embarrassment, whether she expected him to take hold of it, but he contented himself with inspecting it gravely, as though it were some natural curiosity.

"It—it looks very small," he said at length.

"Yes," she cried, gayly. "But isn't it a shame that five and three-quarters should cost as much as six and a half? But now," she went on, speaking with pretty hesitation, "as you didn't think my article so very bad, aren't you going to give me something else to do?"

Fleming considered for a moment before replying. The girl was undeniably clever if this was really her own work; it seemed probable that old Johnson knew what he was about when he admitted her, after all. The editor thought he should like to give her another trial, if only to prove whether the review of the Congo book was a fair sample of her powers, or nothing more than a lucky fluke.

"I think you told me you could do art criticism," he said at length. "Our art critic is laid up just now, and I have had to undertake his work. There is a small exhibition of modern French pictures just opened in Piccadilly. You may try your hand on that, if you like. Let me have three-quarters of a column on Tuesday day, please."

"I will do my best," said Evelyn, a little alarmed, for she was not sure whether Jack understood art criticism. "But I am more at home with books than pictures."

"Well, see what you can make of it," he said, indulgently. "If the notice is a failure, I suppose I shall have to do one myself. Now I must ask you to run away, as I really am very busy."

When Evelyn told her lover the service that she wanted of him, he behaved in a manner that she considered very obstinate and disobliging.

"I am very sorry," he said, firmly, "but I can't possibly do a picture show. I should only make a fool of myself, and Fleming would never accept any notice that I could send in. You must tell him that you cannot undertake the job, and pray give him to understand that you have abandoned all idea of doing journalistic work in future."

"How disagreeable you are!" exclaimed Evelyn, her eyes filling with tears. "I can't give up now, just when I've got my foot in. I know you go to all the picture galleries, and I'm sure you talk as if you understood all about painting. You might have some cause for complaint if I asked you to do a fashion article, but I particularly told Mr. Fleming that I couldn't write about dress."

She calmly ignored the fact that all topics of purely feminine interest were excluded from the *Reader*.

"Can't you read what the other papers say, and mix it all up together for your article?" she continued. "Or couldn't you get some one else to help you? I believe Mr. Brownlow would do it for me if I asked him."

Jack's face grew several inches longer at this suggestion. Brownlow was a young artist who also dabbled in literature, and Jack had already had occasion to remonstrate with his *fiancee* for the undue amiability with which she received the young man's very marked attentions.

"I should not advise you to let a chattering idiot like

Brownlow into your secret," he said, gloomily. "I will see if I can get some other fellow to give me some ideas. But I hope this will be the last time you will ask me to do anything of the kind for you."

On thinking the matter over, it occurred to him that old Smithson, a drunken reprobate who had once been art critic to the *Easel*, would gladly do the job for a guinea. Smithson had the reputation of knowing a good deal about art, but strong drink had affected his English to such a disastrous extent that he could get no editor to employ him. Jack went to the bar of a restaurant in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, where Smithson was generally to be found, and had no difficulty in coming to terms with him. Now it so happened that Smithson, who had once thought of becoming a painter himself, had spent much of his youth in Paris, and never quite lost touch with his artist friends. Some of the men who had been obscure students in the days when Smithson haunted the Parisian studios had now become shining lights in the artistic world. Consequently, he felt himself thoroughly well qualified to give an opinion upon the *Exhibition of French Painters*. His interest in the subject kept him sober for the greater part of one day, with the result that the article which he handed to Brabant the following morning, in exchange for a guinea, was extremely creditable so far as the matter was concerned, though the manner left a good deal to be desired. It was also much too long, but then Smithson was an unpractical sort of person, who had all his life objected to limitations of every description. Jack spent a good deal of time over the notice disentangling Smithson's clumsy, involved sentences, and cutting it down to the required length.

On Tuesday morning Evelyn took the manuscript to the office, overawed Johnson with a dignified "Mr. Fleming always sees me. I'm a regular contributor," and again invaded the editor's sanctum.

Fleming was getting used to her by this time, and he was really rather curious to see what she had made of her task, so that he saw her enter without any particular feeling of annoyance. He agreed with unusual amiability to Miss Lambert's request that he would look through her manuscript again, just to see if "it wasn't too stupid for anything." As he read, he had some difficulty in concealing all signs of astonishment. He knew a good deal about art criticism, and he recognized that the notice showed no little knowledge of a special kind, and was distinguished by keen insight into the methods and merits of the leading French painters of the day, while the style was quite equal to the standard required by the *Reader*. He kept his surprise to himself, but Miss Lambert departed with a second guinea, though the article was considerably under a column in length, and another important book to review.

Time went on, but Evelyn did not tire of her journalistic freak. It was scarcely to be expected that she would, considering that she was earning on an average three guineas a week, at the cost of copying out a few sheets of manuscript. In vain Jack protested, in vain he urged her to give up the farce. In his love for her and his jealousy of her she possessed two magic weapons, and she knew how to use them. Never in her life had Evelyn felt so happy, or been able to dress so well, and, as a natural consequence, never had she looked so radiantly pretty. She had made herself completely at home at the office of the *Reader*; she patronized Johnson, and alternately teased and coaxed the editor. Fleming had become quite accustomed to seeing her smart little shoes on his fender, and her curly head leaning against the knobby back of the visitor's chair. One morning she begged to be allowed to "tidy" his writing-table, and he had not the heart to refuse, though he knew that he should not be able to find anything he wanted for a week at least—foreboding that was more than justified by the result. Another day she discovered that there was a button off his glove, and insisted on coming back in the afternoon with needle and thread to sew it on.

Soon after the episode of the button—which, by the way, came off again very soon—a subtle change became perceptible in the habits and appearance of the editor of the *Reader*. He was seen by a member of his staff standing in front of a hairdresser's window, gazing wistfully at the bottles of hair-restorers therein displayed, and though he did not go so far as to invest in a *toupet*, he displayed considerable skill in training his scant locks across his brow. He, who had worn a black tie of the same pattern for the past twenty years, gave Johnson quite a shock by appearing one morning in a crimson scarf ornamented by a horseshoe pin. Moreover, he discarded his favorite briar-wood pipe, and took to smoking mild Turkish cigarettes.

Meanwhile Miss Lambert's work upon the *Reader* increased, and in the same ratio the employment offered to her lover diminished. Matters came to a crisis when Jack received a politely worded note from Mr. Fleming to the effect that, as there was very little going on just then, he was not likely to be able to put much work in Mr. Brabant's way. He hoped that if Mr. Brabant should hear of a better post he would not let his engagement on the *Reader* stand in the way of his accepting it. When Jack read the note he realized that his sweetheart had gradually ousted him from the berth that he had won at the cost of so much hard work and steady perseverance.

When Jack communicated the contents of Fleming's letter to his fiancée, he announced at the same time his intention of seeking work on another paper, and writing no more for the *Reader* under either her name or his own. Evelyn received his declaration in silence, but it wrung his heart to see her eyes grow moist and her under lip begin to tremble. Presently she faltered out: "I—I thought you loved me, Jack."

"So I do. You know I love you with all my heart," he assured her, eagerly. "But you must see for yourself that we can't possibly go on as we have been doing. I ought to have put a stop to it long ago."

"Then you have begun to grudge me the little sum you have helped me to earn," she said; "you who always declared that you would do anything for me, that you would give me the whole world if it were yours to give. I suppose the truth is that you are getting tired of me, that you no longer love me. If that is so, tell me at once, and I will give you your freedom, even though it should break my heart to part from you."

ONCE A WEEK.

At the conclusion of this touching speech a small tear trembled for a moment on her long eyelashes, and then rolled slowly down her cheek. This was more than Jack could stand. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, he threw himself on his knees at her side, confessed that he was a brute and a monster and promised to continue his literary services as long as she should desire them. Evelyn magnanimously consented to forgive him for his selfish behavior, and peace was once more restored between them.

After being out of work for some weeks, and forced to break in upon the little sum that he had laid by against the day when he and Evelyn should set up housekeeping together, Jack found employment upon another weekly, which was run upon much the same lines as the *Reader*, though it was of a decidedly inferior type. The pay was lower and the work much harder, but he plodded doggedly on, sending in his double copy week by week, in spite of inflamed eyes and queer feelings in his head. He was far too busy to dance attendance upon his sweetheart, a fact which she was inclined to resent, even when he pointed out that it was manifestly impossible for him both to work for her and play with her.

One morning when his landlady came to call him he astonished her by mistaking her for an editor, and begging her to allow him more time for his review of the "Memoirs of Methuselah." When she had made sure that his request for more time had nothing to do with the rent, she fetched a doctor, who pronounced the patient to be suffering from an attack of cerebral inflammation. For two or three weeks Jack lay and babbled of books and papers, politics and plays, insomuch that his ravings would have supplied a considerable amount of useful copy had a reporter been present to take them down. He conquered the fever, however, after a smart fight, and at length was so far advanced on the road to convalescence as to be allowed to read his letters. The first that he took up was a note from Mr. Fleming, offering to reinstate him in his former position on the *Reader*. Jack's heart grew light as he read, for surely this meant that Evelyn had given up her journalistic freak at last. He eagerly turned over the remaining letters, and presently came upon a large envelope directed in her handwriting. As he tore it open a couple of wedding-cards dropped out, bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fleming. A little note from Evelyn accompanied them:

"DEAR JACK," it ran—"I am sorry to hear you have been ill, but hope you will be better again by the time you get this. It will, no doubt, be a surprise to you to hear that I was married to Mr. Fleming last Tuesday. I hope you won't think I have treated you badly. I had seen so little of you for such a long time, and your behavior had become so cold and distant, that I fancied you no longer cared for me, and therefore I felt I was doing you no wrong in accepting the love of a good, kind man, whose only desire is to make me happy. My husband insists that I shall never write another line, so I have asked him to put you on his staff again, which he has agreed to do. With kind regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
"EVELYN FLEMING."

It only remains to add that Jack did not accept Mr. Fleming's offer. He is now a valued contributor to that smart but rather scandalous paper, the *Pillory*. His articles, though generally acknowledged to be brilliant, are so extremely cynical that no other periodical will publish them.

GEORGE PASTON.

ARTISTIC INTERIORS.

THE group of artistically arranged "corners" and interiors on page 5 should prove fertile in suggestions to the housekeeper who meditates "re-furnishing" or moving. The general character and arrangement of the furnishings are sufficiently clearly indicated in the drawings, but a few words about the coloring may be necessary to convey an impression of the whole effect as carried out in the charming home of a very charming woman.

To begin with the hall, the walls are hung with soft-blue serrated paper, of a warm and cheerful tone, while that on the ceiling is yellow and white. The high dado is of pine paneling stained a deep brown. The floor has a twelve-inch border of carpet in a beautiful design, and only calls for a few Turkey rugs or a Mirzapore carpet to rob it of an aspect of chilliness. The furniture is of modern dark oak. The handsomely carved bench is ingeniously contrived to hold wraps or other garments required at hand, but most unsightly if hung up; and may also, at a touch, be converted into a substantial table. A big flower-pot of hammered copper with handsome palm stands in the corner beside a carved grandfather's clock, standing out well against the soft-blue background. A touch of warm color is added in the Indian-red reversible plushette curtain which divides the wider part of the hall from that near the front door.

Another view shows the hall window, hung also with Indian-red coarse-rib curtains, the turn-over being in a bold pattern of red and gold. The thin curtains are of clear white muslin with woven yellow silk spots, a kind that stands wash and wears much better than plain or printed muslin. A fair-sized writing-table, conveniently furnished with good stationery, postal cards, telegrams and the day's papers, proves a boon to all comers, a comfortable armchair being drawn up to it invitingly.

From the hall one passes through a door hung with a heavy portière into a red-walled, yellow-ceiled, brown-paneled nest of comfort, which, by some of its smaller appurtenances, one instantly recognizes as the smoking room. The floor is covered with yellow-and-cream matting on which a few Eastern rugs are thrown. The curtains are of deep gold silk sheeting, which does not hold smoke like the softer and heavier descriptions. A comfortable "corner," rich in soft cushions, with books in easy reach, and a solid lamp near by, looks almost too cozy and luxurious for a mere man. The view in the upper left-hand corner of the page shows an admirably designed combination bookcase and writing-desk; also a big capacious grandfather's chair and a curtain hung, as a precaution against draughts, on a strong scrolled-iron rod. The fitment in the right-hand corner represents a clever arrangement by which the

door is curtained from the inside so as to prevent the smell of smoke pervading the hall.

And now upstairs, stepping on soft-toned, rich pile carpet, noting the projecting scroll iron brackets with bucket-shaped glass by which the staircase is lighted, and the landing, with quaint-shaped window, old carved chest and chair, and tall palm in a stand, and we find ourselves on the threshold of my lady's boudoir. A dainty little room this, with gold pile carpet on the floor, the walls hung with quaint paper having a design in greens and yellows, and forming an excellent background for the many photographs, prints and gimeracks that will accumulate in a woman's den. The ceiling is yellow and the woodwork is stained dark green. The pretty window is hung with bronze-green silk sheeting over fresh little frilled curtains of white muslin. A few touches of dull or coppery red in the table-cover and the cushions on the lounge relieve the monotony without impairing the general harmonious effect. The overmantel is laden with pottery and bric-a-brac; dainty books and interesting photographs abound. The framework of the "corner" and chairs is in a golden-green stain, upholstered in tawny yellow velvet.

There is a bachelor's den in this charming house which, though small, is cozy and interesting enough to tempt description. The walls are papered with plain Indian-red with a deep frieze of bold yet inexpensive red-and-gold leatherette. Its one window is arched in with Moorish fretwork, and a gay red curtain conceals the fact that there is no "view." All one side of the little room is filled with a long low divan covered with Friesland velvet. A few cozy basket-chairs have cushions covered with cretonne of Oriental design and colors. A pearl inlaid Damascus coffee-stool, serving admirably for a table or palm-stand, and a Koran-stand for newspapers, emphasize the Eastern character of this charming little room. A brass tray, some quaint weapons lying about, and a mushrabeyah bracket or two, complete the illusion. The charm is perfect.

A comfortable reading-nook is formed in any room by the juxtaposition of a deep-seated chair and a lamp similar to those in the drawing. The best appointed houses now are being lighted with the electric light, which has many advantages in point of use and beauty. A graceful design for an electrolite is shown in the last illustration.—(See page 5.)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

In an age when the question what to do with our girls is not less important than its correlative concerning our boys, it is interesting to note how they answer it in the United States. Statistics reveal an enormous increase in the number of women employed in various professions during the twenty years between 1870 and 1890, as well as a much wider range of feminine activity than law and custom permit in our less emancipated England. Thus the number of actresses in America has risen from 692 to 3,949, of artists and teachers of art from 412 to 10,810, of authors and literary and scientific persons from 139 to 2,725. All these we know over here, as also musicians and teachers of music, who numbered 34,518 in 1890 as against 5,753 a quarter of a century ago. Lady journalists, too, we have, though perhaps not so many as 888. But what parallel can we show to the 22 lady architects who are building their own fortunes in the States, or the 127 engineers and surveyors, or the 208 lawyers, or the 4,875 Government officials? Above all, where are our lady dentists and our lady clergymen? The States own to 337 of the former and 208 of the latter. Probably a few, at least, of these feminine divines will eventually become bishops, for lawn sleeves and, more particularly, aprons are unquestionable attributes of the sex. Feminine physicians and surgeons we have, of course, but it will be long time before there will be 4,555 English maids or matrons "licensed to kill" with any instruments save their own bright eyes. Clearly our English ladies are in a state of lamentable inferiority to their more o-ahead sisters on the other side.—*London Graphic*, July 20.

THOSE who are impatient for Governor Morton's action in the case of Maria Barberi should bear in mind that he can make no move until the Court of Appeals has given its decision.

THE London *Saturday Review* indulges in many pleasantries at the expense of Mr. Augustin Daly because he has, according to its accusation, amended Shakespeare to suit himself. It makes mock of his rearrangements, and believes that they will not contribute to the manager's success in London.

WORK is shortly to be resumed upon the Panama Inter-oceanic Canal. To complete the great enterprise will cost more than one hundred millions of dollars.

AT Hildesheim in Germany is a famous rose tree a thousand years old, and latterly it seemed threatened with decay. But skillful botanists and gardeners have saved it, and this year it bloomed profusely.

FEMININE LOGIC.

MADAME comes home from the theatre and finds Minna, the servant, sitting in the kitchen reading a book by the light of two candles. She is very naturally annoyed at the girl's extravagance.

"Why, Minna, actually reading novels with two candles burning?"

"Not at all, ma'am," was the cool reply; "that's only one candle! I just cut it in two half an hour ago."

Little Tommy (contemptuously)—"You can't go to heaven."

His Auburn-haired Sister—"Why not?"

Little Tommy (convincingly)—"Who ever heard of a red-headed angel?"

A STRAIGHT LINE.

A Quick Line.

A Through Line.

A Popular Line.

To all points in New York State.

The Modern West Shore Railroad.

Free Trains to the West.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.

A · TENDERFOOT · IN · THE · ROCKY · MOUNTAINS.

BEING offered a chance to join a party who were going to the West on a hunting expedition, I gladly availed myself of the long coveted opportunity. After making due preparations we left the Grand Central Depot by a night train for Buffalo, where we met another comrade, and then started for St. Paul to take the Northern Pacific to Montana. We had already communicated with a friend of one of our party in Helena, who had made all necessary arrangements with hunters and guides. Here also we purchased our outfit, all but our guns, which we had brought with us from the East.

Our party consisted of a guide or hunter for each man, two of whom were tenderfeet like myself, four packers and a cook. We started on the 15th of August and expected to spend two or three months hunting. Everything being ready, about three o'clock in the afternoon we left Helena and made camp twelve miles below, where we met our guides with the horses and pack-mules. After a hasty breakfast the horses were driven in and saddled for a forty-mile ride. I had prepared myself for this journey by riding as much as possible at home, but that tame experience counted for little out here, where one had to be in the saddle from nine to eighteen hours a day, over rocks, sometimes through swamps and tangled brush. The prairie had been burned for some distance and everything was as black as ink. Smoke was over the whole country, and the only forage for the horses and pack-mules was found on the edges of the streams. We worked in a southerly direction, toward Virginia City. When about midway between that city and Helena we struck Jefferson River, and, making a crossing, shovved on for the Bitter Root Mountains. We followed the stream as much as possible, for the sake of the grass and fresh water for our horses. It also afforded us a change of diet in the shape of fish, which were plentiful though not very gamy. Large game, like deer and antelope, seemed to have fled the country. Such as we saw were at a great distance. In fact, everything excepting jack rabbits had gone to

blankets from the common pile, the night being cold, and laid down again. When the camp had become quiet I could hear the horses munching the grass in the distance and a brook babbling in a thicket not far off.

At last even these noises became indistinct, and I fell into a deep slumber. The next morning I was awakened with a start by one of the pack-mules, which, while being driven in with the others, deliberately stepped over me and sounded the reveille by braying at the top of its lungs. I sprang to my feet as if I were shot, in spite of my stiff joints and muscles, causing much amusement to the others, who were already warming their backs at the fire. Our horses had wandered away and a couple of the hunters had gone to look them up, so we were forced to delay our departure for several hours. I, for one, was not sorry, being so stiff and lame that I did not care to sit in a saddle just yet. We were camped in a beautiful spot, and the day was perfect. The sky was of an intense blue, and the mountains, which broke away to the left, were of various gorgeous colors, from a deep purple to a red and yellow, in places almost prismatic in effect. Where the clouds and hills cast their shadows, the forests on the mountain-sides showed black as ink. Away in the



A TENDERFOOT.

the mountains in order to escape the heat and the hunter.

The second day, arising at daybreak, we traveled forty miles on a breakfast of coffee without milk, and some crackers. The mules had already been packed—it is quite an art, by the way, to do this properly; for otherwise the whole pack is likely to swing around under the animal's belly or sag to one side, making him walk like a crab. A mishap of this kind is usually attended by a grand exhibition of kicking, and everybody gives the animal a wide berth.

After a hard day's riding, varied, on my part not pleasantly, with every imaginable kind of physical discomfort, we reached camp about nine o'clock. I had to be lifted out of my saddle and laid on the grass. Overhead the stars were shining with such excessive brilliancy through the clear atmosphere that I could almost swear they were only a hundred feet above my head. A fire was built and supper was prepared. After partaking of some refreshment I picked out my

distance I saw what looked like snow-capped mountains, but on asking one of the hunters was told the white, snow-like effect was produced by the sunlight shining on whitish rock, which is quite common in these parts.

As we journeyed on I cultivated the acquaintance of my hunter. He was a full-blooded Crow Indian, who had been employed by many parties making hunting trips, like ourselves, and had earned a good reputation as a fellow of nerve and reliable character. He was not very dark, had regular features, was tall and broad-shouldered—in fact, quite handsome. My friend Charlie had a splendid man for his guide and hunter—a Dane by birth, who had had an eventful career, having seen service both in the navy and army. He had endless adventures to relate as we sat smoking around the fire.

We were now ascending the mountain, and, being in such a high altitude, began to feel dizzy, some even bleeding at the nose. As we rode I noticed a stream running along the side of the trail which gradually ascended. It seemed to me as if the stream was running uphill. I could not be convinced to the contrary until, having dismounted and thrown in a stick, I saw that Nature's laws were the same here as in the lowlands. From the point we had now reached we could see to a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and in the still air hear a person speak in an ordinary tone of voice from a great way off. Our route was becoming more rugged every day, and we gradually became hardened to the rough life. And rough it was, especially now, crossing the Bitter Root Mountains. As the hunting is considered best southwest of the Yellowstone National Park, we pushed on steadily for those parts.

One day—while we were camped in a favorable spot, resting ourselves and the animals, which sorely needed it—as I sat smoking my pipe, my guide came quietly to me and said: "Take your gun and meet me at that clump of bushes" (which were only a short distance from the camp).

"I have found fresh signs of moose; don't let any one know of it and we will get him."

I pleased at the prospect of a shot I did as he said, and found him waiting at the bushes. We followed along a little stream, and the guide showed me the prints of hoofs which he said were not more than two hours old. We tracked them up to a tableland, then back into a basin covered with brush and wood. The trail became fresher as we proceeded. All of a sudden my guide stopped and beckoned me to come up with him; he had discovered a fresh track crossing the one we were following. Pulling some fluff from his shirt, he threw it in the air so as to make sure the moose was to the windward of us. After examining the trail closely, my guide assured me it had been made very recently, saying the moose was not far off.

We now had to proceed with great caution. Bending low, I followed my guide, pressing back the bushes with great care, and making sure before I put down my feet that there were no dry twigs under them. The hunter's face was a perfect study; his eyes glistened like those of a panther about to leap on its prey. We had to crawl through an open space and were just entering a thicket when we heard a crashing of bushes, and away went our moose with a bound, giving us only a glimpse of its horns. My guide made signs for me to stop and sit down. Then whispering to me, he said: "We will wait a little while; the moose, not seeing us, will lie down presently." So after a pipe, we once more started after our game. We had only crawled a short distance when suddenly a fine moose sat up on its haunches. The hunter turned to me, saying: "You shoot first and I next." At first I could not make up my mind to shoot, this being the first wild moose I had ever seen. But at last, with a trembling hand, I fired as he said "Shoot!" The moose gave a tremendous bound, and as quick as thought my hunter fired, but still the moose went on at a tearing pace. We followed, and again caught sight of him, but he also saw us. We both jumped behind a tree as he came dashing for us; we saw that he was bleeding profusely from the wounds we had



ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.



A HARD DAY'S RIDING.



A SURPRISE.



A FRESH TRACK.

inflicted. The moose was almost upon us, when a ball from my guide's gun made a gaping wound in his shoulder, which brought our hard-earned quarry in a heap to the ground. On examining him, we found my shot had been a mortal one, and this rush of his death charge.

I proudly carried the head and horns to camp as a trophy of the chase. My hunter was loaded down with the choicest parts of its flesh, which he knew well how to select. We decided to stay another day in our present camp, as signs of more game had been seen in the vicinity. As I had the honor of shooting the first moose, my friends from the East were all trying to come in for second place. So Charlie and the Dane followed a fresh trail the next morning, and while the latter was searching on one side of it Charlie came suddenly upon a moose. He fired, and it fell as if dead. Charlie drew his bowie-knife and attempted to cut its throat, when the moose sprang up and knocked him about twenty feet away. The Dane appeared on the scene at this moment, and, when he saw Charlie spreading himself on the ground, laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Had he been at hand he would have warned him of his danger. But, only for a few sore spots, Charlie was more scared than hurt. A shot from the Dane's gun had in the meantime settled the moose. It had been altogether a successful day's hunt, for besides Charlie's deer, two others of our party had brought in a sheep and a goat.



"A FINE MOOSE SAT UP ON HIS HAUNCHES."

gray hair clinging to the bark. Judging from the hair and the prints of its immense claws, our guides concluded to give it a wide berth. After three days' hunting we pushed on for our destination, passing through various adventures on the way. The scenery became more grand and wild (if that could be) as we proceeded. Game was plentiful all along our route.

Some of our party were enabled to get a few mountain-goat and sheep, but they were only procured after great exertion and risky climbing. As a general thing we would divide our party in twos, and sometimes fours, especially when there was a chance of meeting a grizzly. One day, after just breaking up camp where we had spent a week, a couple of my friends and myself were riding at the head of the pack-train, when suddenly a huge grizzly bear sprang out of some wild cherry-



"WE HEARD A CRASHING OF BUSHES."

bushes on the side of the trail, and appeared, at first, as if it would attack us. The bear seemed so fierce that our horses became unmanageable, and we could do nothing for a time but cling to their backs and keep on as best we could. But as the line of mules and teamsters came up, my guide, the Crow Indian, fired a shot which hit the grizzly. With a howl of pain it rushed toward him; we now closed round the enraged animal and poured a relentless fire of lead into his body until he lay dead, almost at the feet of my guide. When we examined him we found him perfectly riddled with bullets and bleeding from many mortal wounds. We were having a fine time in the mountains, but would soon be obliged to leave them on account of the snow. We had already had several squalls; so we pushed on faster than before, only staying over night in camp.

We did not intend to be caught as a party were the season before, who stayed in the mountains a few days too long and were snowed up. It was a terrible plight, as there seemed to be no way of escape. The snow had drifted all around them. It was well this party, like ourselves, had good, experienced hunters, or else they might have starved to death. Their guides concluded there was but one way out of it. That was to swing themselves and the animals over a ledge not far distant.



A HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT.

shot plenty of game; but the season was getting late—we had taken an unusually long time to make our journey, for the simple reason that we found such fine hunting on the way, hence our stay was made shorter than we intended. And so we were once more on the march, this time striking for Virginia City, but taking a somewhat different route from the one we had come by. When we reached Virginia City my friend and I decided to leave the rest of the party here. So, after bidding them good-by, we started on our journey for the East, feeling like new men, since we had cleared ourselves from the reproachful title of Tenderfeet.

WILLIAM M. CARY, (aged 16.)

THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF EXERTION.

UNQUESTIONABLY the best exercise is that taken in the open air; and rowing, running, walking, skating, horseback-riding, have forever the advantage over indoor training, in that they oxidize the blood as well as develop muscle. Gymnastics, on the other hand, has two special claims—economy of time and defiance of weather. But it is not only to the gymnasiums, equipped with apparatus and superintended by doctor or professor, that we need betake ourselves if muscular development is our object. These are attractive, and have advocates enough. Within our doors there is a despised sort of gymnastics which has few scholars, fewer teachers, and stands in great need of intelligent attention. The message of cookery has been preached to us from all quarters, but what missionary has been bold enough to proclaim the use and dignity of house-work?

"Nothing menial for me!" cries the ignorant woman; while her more intellectual sister exclaims: "Oh, I feel above such drudgery!" Alas! to what giddy heights must those minds be elevated which do not see the necessity nor compensation of muscular work! Mr. Gladstone could find refreshment for his brain in chopping trees, and an eminent jurist of the United States in vigorously plying the saw; but there are women so highly refined that they can no longer employ their muscles for any useful purpose.

In the pretty allegory of "Homely and Comely," Moncure D. Conway contrasts for us two common mistakes—neglect of house-work and exclusive devotion to it; but shows also a health and beauty balance on the side of Homely.

That there is not much sanitary or strengthening influence in the operation of dusting is evident; and yet many women, disdaining heavier work, reserve this domestic duty for themselves and waste much time upon it. Muscular motion is of little value unless vigorous and swift. The slow walk and loitering movement does not rouse the blood from its torpidity. The lowliest labor when zealously performed may be followed by an unexpected hygienic effect. There is the instance of a penniless young man, threatened with fever in a strange country, skipping as a deckhand to return and die among his people. During the voyage he scrubbed away the dirt from the ship-boards and with it the disease that had invaded his life-craft.

TYPES OF BEAUTY.

IT is said that when artists are seeking for models, the palm for beauty and symmetry of figure is given to the girls of Spain, while the daughters of rural Ireland are a good second. The pretty faces and graceful throats are found among English maidens. A model for a perfect arm would be sought for among Grecian ladies, while a lady of the Turkish harem would be regarded as the possessor of a daintily commendable hand. Italians are usually good in figure, and some of the most beautiful models, perfectly proportioned, are derived from the women of sunny Italy. Frenchwomen, as a rule, are not in request, being too thin and vivacious for the purpose; while the face and limbs of a German frau are too commonplace for artistic work.

HIS LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

A ROMANCE OF HOT WEATHER.

THE street was narrow and the houses were so tall that from the windows of the upper stories nothing could be seen, unless one leaned out over the casement, but the straight, staring red brick wall opposite. Fortunately there were windows in the wall, and occasionally there were human beings at the windows who helped unconsciously to break up the otherwise tomb-like effect of the shut-out horizon. Even when the rooms were unoccupied there was at least a suggestion of neighborliness in the aspect of the curtained spaces where any day faces might appear, or from whence the sound of voices or strains of music might float across the street. But if the truth must be told, the imaginary human beings with whom the fancy of lonely spinsters or romantic young girls sometimes liked to people the rooms opposite their own, were, as a general rule, vastly more interesting than the actual occupants, who came and went every few weeks, as people will in a boarding-house in any large city.

It was in one of the best quarters of the town, just off Fifth Avenue, yet even here in warm weather the atmosphere was often close to suffocation. This was especially true of the rooms under the roofs, with their one small window, through which the air seemed to penetrate scarcely at all. For this reason their occupants, throughout the summer, would throw the sashes up as high as might be, and even after the gas was lighted would refrain from drawing down the shades or closing the shutters for fear of excluding a breath of possible coolness. The lace curtains, too—mostly cheap, coarse-meshed affairs—were dragged back regardless of appearances and pinned in a bunch to either wall, leaving the square open aperture of the window perfectly free. The discomfort, bordering on torture, engendered by the pitiless heats of July and August, rendered the dwellers in these rooms under the roofs indifferent to every consideration save that of the imperative necessity to breathe. Frequently, therefore, the opposite neighbors became familiar, by sight at least, to one another, and were able to form pretty accurate impressions of one another's tastes and surroundings, simply from the occasional glimpses obtained through the wide-open windows on summer nights.

In one of these rooms under the roof a young architect lived, of whom little was known by his fellow-boarders save that he was a quiet, studious young man who kept much to himself. The house—an old mansion, once the residence of a wealthy and influential family, but since fallen from its high estate to the more dubious rank of a "Select" boarding-house—was situated on Fifth Avenue at the corner of Street. The window of the architect's room overlooked the street, or would have overlooked it but that a similar house, with a similar history, stood on the opposite side and intercepted his glance whenever he looked out. But indeed he seldom wasted his eyesight on the dull prospect. He was not a smoker, and when he wanted air he went out bodily and walked; and did it well, too, striding with the long, measured paces of a man who has a purpose in view and is not to be easily drawn aside from it. When indoors, he worked chiefly at his plans, or read *The Builder*, or John Ruskin, of whose works a complete set was ranged on a shelf that ran along the wall over his writing-table. But oftentimes he worked, for he had an enthusiastic love of his profession and a mighty, though only half-acknowledged, ambition to prove himself worthy of it by planning some noble design for a structure that would live after him—his legacy of beauty to men. Thus it happened that people came and went from day to day in his own house, as in the house over the way, but he heeded them little—this quiet young architect, always bending over his plans and drawings, while towers and cupolas, pillars and domes, filled his thoughts continually, and made his dreams bright with visions of future triumph and glory. What was the world to him, at this stage of his career, but an unprofitable distraction and hindrance?

Yet one day—it was early in June—just as he entered his room, and approached the table by the window to lay down a new number of *The Builder* he had bought at a neighboring news stand, a sudden appearance of something white at the opposite window caused him to look up. Having done so, he did not immediately look away again, but stood in the shadow of the curtain watching a scene that was being enacted over the way. The room that faced his own had been unoccupied for some weeks. That much he had noticed, because of a broken slat in one of the closed shutters which annoyed his sense of order and beauty. Now the shutters were thrown back, the window was pushed up, and, framed in the square opening, was the figure of a slight young girl, with fair braided hair, on which was set a little round white sailor hat, the rim curling upward a little, so that her face was plainly visible, her profile being distinctly outlined against the dark background of the room beyond.

She seemed to be very pretty. The pink of her cheeks showed, even from across the way, and the outline of her nose and chin was of almost infantine roundness and delicacy. She wore a dainty white blouse, gathered at the waist into a belt that matched her dark-blue skirt, but was relieved by a silver buckle. She had taken off her gloves and held them in one pretty hand. The other, as he looked, she rested on the window ledge while she leaned forward and scanned the street below. It was her left hand, and there was a ring on the third finger. The architect frowned unconsciously. Then she withdrew her hand and retired into the shadow. He remained watching some time longer but she did not reappear, and presently a servant came and closed the shutters again.

"I wonder will she take it," the architect thought, as he turned away from the window and busied himself with his work. Several times during the evening he caught himself repeating the same thought, and it made him smile.

In a few days she was installed. He had expected her, because the room had been aired and put in order that morning. The window had been washed so that the panes shone like crystal, and fresh snowy curtains

replaced the grayish dingy ones that hung there before. The architect, without troubling to ask himself why, felt vaguely pleased and mysteriously exhilarated. Never a day passed now that he did not look out, not once only but many times, at the window over the way. It was not often that he was rewarded by the sight of his little neighbor, until he came to know just at what hour he might look for her. That knowledge he set himself diligently to acquire. He found that she rose early, generally before seven. Somewhere about that hour, if he was watchful enough, he would see a little white hand pull the cord of the window-shade to raise it, the rest of the figure being discreetly hidden behind the curtains, which were seldom drawn back. He could not help picturing her to himself—though he checked the thought as if it were unholy—in a flowing white night-robe with her unbound hair falling over her shoulders, and her little pink toes (he felt sure she must have the prettiest feet in the world) peeping from under the hem of her gown. Later she would draw aside the curtains and lean out as if to inhale the morning freshness, which was no fresher than herself, with her neatly braided locks and the dainty white blouse she nearly always wore. There was a little feathered fern in a little yellow flower-pot which she regularly placed on the window ledge every morning, and as regularly brought in every evening, as if it were a living pet that had to be shielded from nightly dangers and comforted with human company. He liked to watch her place it tenderly in a protected corner of the window ledge and touch its delicate green fronds caressingly with the tips of her fingers before vanishing again behind the curtains.

Only the width of the street away, and yet how far removed she was from him in reality! Nature has her revenge in these large cities for man's relentless ingenuity in stamping out her wild green beauty, and burying it fast under tons of hideous brick and stone. Oh, she has her revenge, for she sets between man and man, as they crowd into these great human pens which they prefer to her green fields and spreading forests, such abysses of strangerhood, such impassable gulfs of custom, that the hunter in the desert or the ranch-dweller on the limitless prairie is less lonely and less far removed from possibilities of human fellowship than they. So thought the architect as from day to day he watched his little neighbor and wondered who she was, what she was doing here and to whom she belonged. He would never know, he told himself over and over again as he bent over his work, so what was the use of thinking about it. But somehow, do what he would, her image haunted him pertinaciously, and he never drew a window but it seemed to him there ought to be a girl's head behind it with fair braided hair and an infantine nose and chin showing plain against the dark background.

The day had been unusually warm; from early morning the heat had been oppressive, and it went on increasing until sunset. Even then the prayed-for relief was not forthcoming, for the fiery pavements and blistering house-fronts which had lain scorching in the sun all day now gave slowly back the heat they were stored with and robed the night air of any refreshment it might else have brought to the fainting inhabitants of the city. Not a breath stirred, and the thick, close atmosphere was charged with a deadly humidity which, instead of absorbing the heat, seemed to render it more oppressive and sickening. Men had dropped under it in the course of the day from sheer exhaustion, babies were panting and dying in their mothers' arms, the sick and unhappy were crazed with it and leaped out of windows or over bridges or in front of passing trains—anywhere, anywhere out of the maddening universal suffocation. In the poor and crowded parts of the city the distress was terrible. All who could do so went out of doors to the parks, on the roofs or the fire-escapes; but many, who were obliged to remain in the small and stuffy rooms, crowded with necessary furniture, and rendered still more objectionable from the quantity of wretched garments hung on every available post and peg, sat or lay as if half dead, panting for air and cursing the day they were born.

In the better quarters of the city it was almost as bad. The architect had found his room unbearable, so had gone out after dinner, betaking himself to the Battery—a favorite spot with him—where he remained until a late hour enjoying the cool breeze from the harbor and observing with interest the various types of humanity that had congregated there. It was after one when he regained his room. Though the window was of course open, the atmosphere seemed foul and thick. Instinctively, though he had not been close enough to the window to have been seen by her. He was glad that he had not lighted the gas, and that he was on the shady side of the street. The electric light from the Avenue partly illuminated the opposite wall and showed her to him plainly as she looked out, timidly at first, from behind the curtains. Then, seeing no one about, she became bolder and sat on the window-sill with one hand on the extreme outer edge, leaning forward as far as she dared, as if to invite some cooling breeze to come to her. Poor lamb! he thought, as he watched her, forgetting himself now. Why should she be pent up in that stuffy little room on such a night instead of being in the sweet country or by the grateful seashore? How alone she must be in the world! Surely, if there was any one to care for her, they would not let her pine and droop here in the deadly summer sultriness. She remained some time leaning forward—it seemed dangerously far forward to the architect, who was now full of tender solicitude for his little neighbor. He was relieved when she seated herself more securely, as it seemed; still on the window ledge, but with her back supported against the side of the casement, her head also resting on it half wearily. She appeared to have made up her mind to stay there for some time.

The architect did not think of going to bed while she remained in sight. Still standing, shrouded by the darkness, he fixedly watched the still white figure in the opposite window. Her attitude was utterly listless;

one of her hands had dropped down limply until it hung below the outer edge. Her long hair, which was loosely braided, fell over one shoulder and was lost in the indistinct folds of her white drapery. She remained thus motionless for a long time—so long, in fact, that the architect wondered why she was not more restless. Then all at once a chilling fear fell on his heart and made his brain swim with the horror of it. He drew closer to the window, leaned out, and gazed curiously and anxiously at his little neighbor.

"Good God! she is fast asleep!" he murmured to himself, as with one swift glance to the pavement below he measured the distance and took in all the dangers. A sudden start, a noise in the street, the least thing might waken her suddenly and cause her to lose her balance and—He covered his face with his hands as his imagination pictured what would be the consequences of such a fall. He must save her, and quickly; but what should he do? He could make her hear him by calling out, but it might startle her and be the means of causing her death. He found himself in an agony of uncertainty. Should he go to the house and warn some one of the danger she was in? But he reflected that even that would be a risk, as her door would undoubtedly be locked, and the noise of knocking would surely frighten her. Yet every moment was full of peril, and at least here in his own room he could do nothing. Thankful that he had not undressed, he crept quietly but hastily downstairs and out, praying earnestly that she might be safe at least until he reached the street. He had barely closed the door when an ominous sound smote his ear—the bell of an approaching fire-engine. Sick with fear, he cleared the steps almost at a bound, and swung round the corner and across the street. In a moment he was under her window. Thank God she was safe yet! He leaned against the area railing and mopped his forehead, for in his haste and excitement great drops were trickling down his face. A passing policeman eyed him curiously. The architect thought of calling him, to explain the situation; but hoping his little neighbor might have awakened, he was unwilling to direct the man's attention to her room. Meanwhile the din of the fire-engines grew louder; they were at the corner now. Pray Heaven they do not startle her! He glances up apprehensively, shaking with fear. The engines are crashing by on the Avenue—God! what does he see? A white form—a shriek rends the night air and curdles the blood in his veins. He just has time to throw his arms out wildly, blindly, then something stuns him to the earth, and all the rest is blotted out.

His fears had been realized. Startled out of her sleep by the noise, she had lost her balance and fallen. But he had saved her life.

The policeman, who witnessed the accident, rushed to the rescue. The girl had fainted, but was apparently unharmed. The man, too, was unconscious, if not dead. Blood flowed from his head and his right arm was broken. With the aid of one or two passers-by assistance was procured: the girl was borne back to her room and left in the care of her landlady; the man was placed in an ambulance and taken to the New York Hospital.

For several days the architect lay between life and death. His head was severely injured, and besides his broken arm he had several sprains and bruises that caused him much suffering. On first regaining consciousness he had been too confused to realize what had happened; but gradually, as his memory returned, the thought of his little neighbor mingled itself with his vague wonderings, and then all at once he startled his nurse by calling out: "What happened? How is she?"

Gradually he learned the whole story, for they would not let him talk much at first, and a strange joy took possession of him, banishing the thought of his sufferings—nay, causing him to bless and be thankful for them. So she was safe—his little neighbor, dear little neighbor, and he had saved her. A great longing to see her baby face filled his heart. But he sighed as he remembered that he was still a stranger to her, that he might never hold her hand, nor look into her pure eyes. Ah, how cruel life was, what a tyrant was custom, what a step-mother was fate! If they had lived in primitive ages, or among a simpler people, he might have gone to her in direct fashion, and asked her without preamble to come to him, to be his wife and make her home with him. Yes, he wanted to marry his little neighbor. Though they had never yet exchanged word or glance, no other woman would ever fill his thoughts or make his heart beat as she did. He loved her, he wanted her. The thought that she might ever belong to another was unbearable torture.

There was a knock at the door. The nurse opened it and stood talking for a moment with some one outside, then closed it again and came over to his bedside with a great bunch of red roses in her hand.

"See how lovely these are!" she said, holding them up and offering them to him to smell them; but their delicious perfume already filled the air.

He smiled: he was fond of roses.

"Who sent them?" he asked, eagerly.

"They are from the young lady who nearly killed you," the woman replies, pleasantly, for she scents a romance in this interesting case, and her sympathy goes out to her good-looking young patient.

"Oh, are they? Let me have them," he says, with ill-concealed eagerness, a wave of delight passing over him.

"Yes, she calls every day to inquire for you. She came twice a day while you were in danger. She was so troubled, poor sweet child, for fear you would not recover."

"Nurse," he said, quickly, "how long have these bandages got to stay on?"

"Your head will be better in a week or less; it may be a month yet before you can use your arm."

"Thanks; give me one rose, please, nurse; and will you put the rest in water?"

She had no intention of remaining a stranger to her benefactor. As soon as he was well enough and presentable, they granted her wish and allowed her to see him. So she stood before him one day—his little neighbor—shy and sweet as he knew she would be. She tried to thank him for what he had done. He would not let

ONCE A WEEK.

her talk of that, however, but made her sit near him and tell him about herself. He learned that she was an orphan, and that she supported herself by making drawings for the illustrated papers. Somehow there was no restraint between them; they talked and laughed like old friends, and the architect was happier than he had ever been before in his life. After that, she came every day. He begged her to come, and she could not refuse him, for had he not saved her life? And besides, she thought him the bravest, handsomest and cleverest man she had ever known. But at last he got better, and was told that he might leave the hospital. He immediately reflected that she could not come to see him any more, so his mind was made up. On the last day, he held her little trembling hand in his, and told her that if she would leave him it would break his heart. And she, blushing very much as she bent over him, said she thought she had broken quite enough of him already, so his heart was safe.

And in this way his little neighbor became his little wife.
L. E. F. BARRY.

THEN AND NOW.



RANDMOTHER, Maud Drummond is going to give up housekeeping. She says she is worn to death with care of the house and trouble with servants."

"How many servants does she keep?"

"Oh, five or six. Why do you smile, grandmother?"

"Well, I was thinking, as old folks will, of Then and Now. You see, I knew Maud's grandmother well, and I was thinking how things would look to her. We were friends when we were young; we were married the same year; she lived on a farm a few miles out of the town where I lived, and a fine farm it was, and a good old farmhouse—very good for those days. As for servants, we called them help then; she had one when she could get one, but often she did all the work herself, and sewing, too, and we had no sewing machines then."

"No sewing machines! I thought everybody had them always!"

"No, dear, it is not quite fifty years since Elias Howe patented the first sewing machine. When I was married we had heard of them, and Olive Keen and I used to wish for one, but we felt we might as well wish for the moon—they were so expensive then. When one thinks of all the sewing that had to be done by hand for a family in those days, it is overpowering. There was no such thing as getting anything ready-made; every article worn by man, woman or child had to be made by hand, and mostly at home. Think of the work in one fine shirt! The bosom must have two or more rows of stitching, and the wristbands the same, and in stitching of that kind threads of linen must be counted or it was not considered nicely done. Two days' constant sewing would be hardly time enough to make one shirt. It was not an easy thing to find a person to sew in the family, so most of it was done by the mother while the daughters were too young to help; but little girls learned to sew wonderfully soon. But that time of back-aching, eye-blinding sewing is passed forever. Now there is nothing worn by human being that cannot be bought all ready to put on. Think what a boon that is to women! I remember how longingly I used to look at a new book and wish for an hour to read. Dickens' stories came out when my children were little, and no one knows the self-denial it was to see one of those fascinating pamphlets lying on the table and hardly have time to open it. I was very fond of reading, but children must have clothes, so books had to be put aside. Besides the sewing there were the stockings to knit, most of which was done in the family. Then I don't suppose you have an idea of how much more labor and care it was to provide for the table then. Now many nice things can be had at a moment's notice, that it formerly took hours, and in some cases days, to prepare; and what a multitude of inventions there now are to make housekeeping easy! Ah, what a care it was to get up a dinner for a great occasion in the old time of open fires! First, the soup was the work of a day when one began with the stock; then think of cooking all the different dishes over or before the fire. You never saw a tin kitchen or a

be fit to eat. The kitchen fire was carefully kept alive all night by raking up the coals and covering with ashes, for it was a great inconvenience to lose the fire when we had to strike fire with a steel and flint. Your grandfather's mother used to boast that her kitchen fire had not been out for twenty-five years. Summer and winter, a few coals were kept on the hearth; that fireplace was almost as wide as the side of this room."

"But, grandma, how dull life must have been in those old days; it was all work and no play. Did you never visit or have any kind of good times?"

"Yes; and I don't think we found life so very stupid. You see we were very much interested in our work—



very much in earnest, as all New England people are apt to be in whatever they do. When we had callers our hands were not idle. If we paid our visitors the compliment of laying aside our sewing, we took up knitting-work that always lay ready in the work-basket, as knitting did not require much attention. Indeed, when I read I always knitted, and generally a caller had knitting in her pocket, and after a few moments drew it forth; then the talk went smoothly on. We had tea-parties occasionally, but you would vote them slow affairs. We went early, and always took some kind of fine needlework, such as shirt besoms, to stitch or linen cambric ruffling to hem; there was no such thing as buying ruffling all made for necks of children's dresses—no, all that came into the home sewing. But speaking of sewing, the great time for that was in the fall, when the tailor came to make the boys' clothes. She was a woman in great demand at that season of the year, and her arrival was an event; the lightest window and the most comfortable sewing chair were for her. Just think of making whole suits of boys' clothes, every stitch by hand, to say nothing of the wide linen collars trimmed round with ruffling that boys wore then. There was also the spring dressmaking which was done at home, the dressmaker coming with a big bag of patterns which we looked over with the utmost faith in their being the latest fashions; fortunately we were not obliged to have the variety of dress that is now considered necessary—one silk dress did duty for *very best* for several years; a good alpaca was good enough for most occasions."

"How horrid, grandma! Where did you get your bonnets? Did you have a Madam Someone come to the house and make them?"



"Oh, no! they were made at the milliner's; there was one in the village—she went to Boston once a year for fashions."

"Boston for fashions!"

"Yes, indeed; and we thought them fine. Anyway, the poor woman had to ride one hundred miles by stage to bring them to us, and when I went back to the old place last summer there were many fine shops with windows filled with beautiful bonnets and hats, as pretty as any New York productions, as far as I could see. Fifty years have brought wonderful changes the world over. When I was married your grandfather's mother thought me rather an inefficient young person because I could not spin and weave; she told me her boys, until they were twenty-one, never wore a suit of clothes for which she had not woven the cloth. Yes, your great-grandmother was a very capable woman, but she thought it a woful waste of time for a woman to read. It was all right for boys to have learning she said, but it spoiled a girl; if they could read the Bible and decipher the almanac, that was about enough for them. Fortunately, her children were all boys."

"Well, grandma, I am so glad I did not live in those days."

"Yes, dear, you should be thankful for and make much of all privileges of the progressive age in which you live."

"Do you think Grandma Skaaats had such hard times when she was young?"

"Well, I don't know much about her young days. She, you know, was a Knickerbocker; I think her early life was different. I lived in New England; we came from old Puritan stock, stiff and cold in manner, but true and reliable."



Yankee baker. Well, they were large tin things—a sort of box used for roasting meat before the fire; the baker was used more for baking biscuit. Wonderfully nice was meat or fowl roasted in the tin kitchen. Only one thing could be roasted at a time, so you see if there were many courses it took a long time to cook a dinner. To be sure, there was the brick oven, which was always heated once a week for baking bread, cake and pies; but meat was not considered so nice baked in that as roasted before the fire. Then to boil all the vegetables in kettles hung from the crane was no play. We also had what was called a baking kettle. It was a covered iron pan that hung over the fire; on the cover were put hot coals covered with ashes. In this we baked biscuit and sometimes cake; but this went out of use when the wonderful Yankee baker came in. It took the old folks a long time to become reconciled to cooking stoves, and I don't wonder at it when I think what crude things the first we had were. They were little more than iron boxes with two places for kettles on top, the oven directly over the firebox, and the under side of everything baked in it always scorched. Nothing would induce my father to have a cooking stove in his house. He said food cooked in that way could not

THE SUMMER BURGLAR.

IT is a fact not generally known that within recent years a new and distinct type of burglar has grown up in London and other large towns, says *Id Bits*. We are always apt to regard winter as the burglar's season, but that is because the old-fashioned burglar confines his operations to that period. The up-to-date burglar prefers to work in the summer, when houses are vacated for the holidays, and when there is little risk of interference and detection.

The summer burglar is seldom caught, for the simple reason that he elaborates his plans with great care, and always works alone. It is the cunning cracksmen that wins in a game of this kind, and the holiday house-breaker has all the sharpness of Sherlock Holmes. He maps out his district, and lays his plans in many cases six and nine months before they are ripe for execution.

During the winter and early spring the holiday burglar visits all the London suburbs, and takes special notice of the houses that are being erected. So great is the annual extension of London that, as a rule, there are always thousands of houses in course of construction. When they are finished the doors are usually left invitingly open so that intending tenants can inspect them.

This is the summer burglar's opportunity. Attired in good clothes, and looking like a well-to-do tradesman, he visits these houses as if in search of one for future occupation. In his coat-pocket is a huge bunch of keys of the latest patterns. As soon as he is inside the house he tries the front door lock, and when he finds a key that will fit, it is carefully put away, and the number of the key and the address of the house entered in a pocketbook. In this way he obtains keys that will fit every house door in the street.

Of what use are they, the reader may ask. Very great use, indeed, to the summer burglar. When the houses are tenanted and the holiday season comes round, he begins a systematic inspection of them. If the front window blinds are down for two days together, he knows that the family has gone to the seaside. The house and its contents are then at his mercy, for, as the door closes with a spring lock, and as all the occupants have left for the seaside, he is well aware that the door cannot be bolted from the inside.

The following night he pays another visit to the house. The drawn blinds and the absence of gaslight are clear indications that the tenants are away. He marches boldly up to the front door, puts the key in the lock, and walks into the house. When he departs a few hours later, he carries with him all the silver and valuables he can conveniently take away.

The summer burglar, however, does not always wait for the family to leave the district. Very often he enters houses in the daytime. He does this mainly because the crime of entering a house in the daytime with intent to steal is punishable with less severity than if he enters it in the night-time. It is housebreaking in the daytime; it is burglary at night.

He hangs about the neighborhood until the "missus" goes to town, leaving, perhaps, a servant and the children in the house. It is a fine day, and the maid takes the children for an airing. Immediately afterward he walks up to the front door, and while he knocks with one hand, to avert the suspicion of the passer-by, he deftly inserts the key in the lock with the other. When the door opens, the people who live in the opposite houses naturally think that the servant has opened it, and his disappearance inside arouses no suspicions.

Within the last month a large number of cases of this kind have been recorded in the London suburbs. In Wimbledon three houses were entered in this way in one day; in Kensington a house was entered, and the thieves had the audacity to bring a cart to the front door into which to place the stolen goods. In another case, a house in one of the southwestern suburbs was rifled of all its contents while the owners were enjoying themselves at the seaside. A van was brought to the door, and the removal of the goods excited no suspicion, the neighbors believing that they were acting under orders from the tenant.

If the family living in any house of which the summer burglar has a key do not go away during the holiday season, this adroit thief does not give up the game. He never wastes a key. He loiters about the street in the evenings and watches the householder leave, say, for his club or some place of entertainment. He follows him, ascertains his destination, and makes a note of it.

Another night the clubman stops out late, and the light in the bedroom window indicates that his wife has gone to bed. When the lady has had sufficient time to seek her couch, the burglar quietly unlocks the door, just as husbands generally do when they have been out late. After listening for a moment to ascertain if all is quiet, he closes the door and puts the chain on. This is a daring proceeding, but it is the best safeguard the burglar could adopt. Divesting himself of his boots, he rapidly "skins" the house of its choicer contents. If the husband comes home while he is at work, he cannot enter because of the chain on the door, and the noise he naturally makes in trying to get inside warns the burglar that it is time to clear out. He makes his escape by the back door, while the husband, thinking his wife has been unduly nervous and put the chain on the door for security, waits quietly on the doorstep for his wife to remove it. His wife, on the other hand, knows that she left the door unchained, and only goes downstairs when her good man has exhausted his patience. By this time the burglar is over the garden wall and far away.

Let me, as one who knows the summer burglar and his work, give some useful hints to householders who are about to vacate their homes for the holidays. Secure your front door with an additional lock that is not a spring lock. Even if the burglar is unprepared with a key, it is very easy to "jimmie" the door open when it is only protected by a single lock. Never draw down the blinds of the front windows. Let the sun spoil your carpet rather than the burglar spoil your property. Run a long nail or screw through the window sashes, so that the window cannot be opened even if the ordinary hasp is forced.

WHEN a man owes a good round sum, he sometimes finds it extremely hard to square up.



A VENETIAN STREET SCENE.

The Why

There are thousands of persons who require tonics and **nerve builders**. Mothers need something to help them bear the trials of housekeeping. Business men wish to **sleep** when they retire, and not grind over and over the business of the day. The **dyspeptic** requires a panacea for his suffering.

Convalescents wish something to help them **recover quickly**. People need new blood when their vitality is exhausted. Women want **plump, rosy cheeks** and sparkling eyes.

Consumptives require a food which does not contain a harmful ingredient, and which they can feel assured is absolutely pure. There are very few persons and few ladies especially who will not **grow**

Well and Bright by using the "Best" Tonic whenever exhausted or weary. There is nothing in the world more admirable for its sustaining and alleviating qualities for women.

.... PABST

Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT



SUPREME
AWARD,
WORLD'S
FAIR



TWO SIDES OF A BULGARIAN STATESMAN.

THE "Bismarck of Bulgaria," Stambuloff, the politician and patriot who had so sad and untimely an end, will certainly go down into history as a powerful and picturesque, if not altogether a sympathetic, figure.

It would seem as if in his nature two spirits were confined: the one full of patriotism, passionate and tender devotion to the ideal of country, and love for his fellow-countrymen; the other savage as that of a Turkish Pasha whenever crossed or irritated, ready to go any lengths for vengeance—thirsty for private gain, fond of wire-pulling, heartless when punishing an enemy. There are pretty well-authenticated rumors that he did not hesitate to put a prisoner to the torture when he could not get information out of him in any other way. A woman who said that her son had been tortured until he died sent Stambuloff her curse when he was dying. The well-known Irish writer and Greek scholar, Professor Mahaffy, who first met him a little more than a year ago, when he was sitting in his house in Sofia, "nursing hopes of vengeance amid the pangs of disappointment," says of Stambuloff that "he was like a caged lion, but a lion who had been free five minutes before. He was constantly in a rage during the last years of his life, and at times seemed to bless his bodily ailment in that it somewhat relieved his agony of mind. His were a curious head and face. The head was dome-shaped and bald at the top, and looked like a first cousin to the little silver Krupp bullets which stood upon his writing-table in the form of inkstands and letter-weights. A story hung by those bullets, if one might believe his enemies, for he was said to have taken big sums from the firm in return for orders for his army. But his head was distinctly bullet-like; the eyes were almost concealed by deep, black, bushy eyebrows, which crowded down over them as his glance read the inmost soul of his guest. His eyes were small and black, and of extraordinary piercing brilliancy; his teeth sharp and pointed, but very white—in fact, regular Tartar teeth. . . . His arms were extraordinarily muscular, and seemed constantly about to burst his coat-sleeves; his whole figure was suggestive of violence and strength. Many people have said that he was personally a coward, . . . But personal experience and the story of his looking on and talking cheerfully, while his hands were being cut off (after the desperate attack upon him) give room for doubting this charge. He certainly was always prepared to fight for his life. A long Mannlicher leaned ominously against his desk, and there were other indications that the man who shot at him might get as good as he gave if he did not kill his game at the first shot."

In the same number of the London *Saturday Review* which contains these comments by Professor Mahaffy there are several sketches of Stambuloff by a British writer who knew him intimately, and who signs himself "Lapcho." Here is a picture of the great Bulgarian when he was at the height of his power, and gives a strange, almost weird impression of his saturnine humor: "On Easter morning—the greatest of all holidays in Bulgaria—the Prince in his palace was, after the true patriarchal custom of the land, distributing colored eggs to his political children in the small hours. There was a smile of happiness on the countenance of every courtier. Suddenly, as at the entrance of the evil fairy at a christening, a chill seemed to sweep through the whole Court. Many a smile died away still-born; the hilarious conversation was abruptly stilled; men huddled together, as if fearing to be singled out as victims. I looked up, not understanding, and caught the sardonic gaze of a little man in ill-fitting dress clothes, hung with orders like a strong man at a music-hall. He stood in the doorway for some minutes, surveying the assemblage, and evidently debating whether to feel flattered or outraged by his reception. At length he shrugged his shoulders irritably, turned on his heel, and went away. The effect was like that conveyed by replacing phonograph tubes in the ears after laying them down. Of a sudden the old buzz of merrymaking was heard anew, while the Prince asked: 'M. Stambuloff est-il déjà parti?'"

Lapcho says Stambuloff, on his death-bed, accused a young man named Naoum Tufekchieff of his murder. "This young man," says Lapcho, "I have met, since M. Stambuloff's fall, at the house of M. Matchevitch, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs. He struck me as a singularly well-informed youth, and naturally of a mild disposition. It is only when he talks of the tortures with which M. Stambuloff (whom he always alludes to as 'the tyrant') did his young brother to death in prison, that the tiger in his nature comes out."

"It is said," continues Lapcho, who appears to have been very intimate with Stambuloff, "that you do not really know a man till you have joined him in a carouse. I have shared two with M. Stambuloff. The first was at Bourgas Monastery, whither a whole crowd of visitors, journalists and commercial people had repaired from Sofia for a three days' picnic and a sight of the peasants dancing the *choro*. At about six every evening the evening meal would begin, and it generally lasted far into the small hours. M. Stambuloff always said that he did not care what he ate or drank so long as he had more than enough of it. I don't know where the things came from, but there were enough victuals to surfeit ten times our numbers."

"On these occasions M. Stambuloff seemed to pass through a transition from his chronic sourness to a new variety of sourness, which found its vent in a rough, hollow hilarity. He would play practical jokes on his neighbors. For instance, I saw him cram bread down the neck of M. Grekoff, his Foreign Minister. Then he would break out into harsh, unmusical songs, some of them of his own composition. He was as one who had deliberately made up his mind to enjoy himself for once at any cost, but who either did not know how to set about it or found the effort much harder than he had expected."

"One night I shall never forget. The Prince was away at Carlsbad and Stambuloff was Regent in his absence. There had been a dispute about that, it is true, but M. Stambuloff had carried the day and was Regent. We were indulging in a particular carouse

ONCE A WEEK.

[VOL. XV., No. 19]

in honor of the Regent, and some Tsiganes had been chartered to play to us. Their music seemed to affect M. Stambuloff to an extraordinary degree. Just as the most emotional part of the music was reached, and his eyes were sparkling with desire, he beckoned to an officer, who brought in a formal document for him to sign.

"The music stopped, and he motioned to the company to crowd round and see what he was doing. The paper proved to be a death-warrant, which he had planned to sign at the height of the revelry. 'I like contrasts,' he remarked with a chuckle, as we gazed at him aghast."

"His study and house," writes Professor Mahaffy, "were simple to a fault and practical to ugliness. Cigarettes were his only amenity; abundance of these, branded with his own name, of his own special tobacco. But the individuality of the man submerged all these details, and while in his presence one could only watch him and listen to him with amazement, tempered at times by a kind of vague fear. He had sound sporting instincts and was fond of sport of many kinds—a fair shot, a good card-player, but chiefly devoted to gambling games. To see him and to talk with him was an education and a discipline. The remembrance of him will always be one of the deepest and most lasting impressions of their lives to those who knew him."

MILLIONAIRE FASTING.

THAT certain millionaires know from their own personal experience how it feels to fast, and that they have to go through this same experience at regular intervals, is, "says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "a fact which may perhaps startle a great number of people. Yet Lord Rothschild and Baron Hirsch, to mention but a couple of the best known, in common with every person, man and woman, who is reasonably entitled to the name of Jew, have on their Day of Atonement (White Fast) to go without food or drink of any kind whatsoever for a period extending over nearly twenty-five hours, from a short time before sunset on one day till after sunset on the next. This is an ordeal more trying to one used to every luxury than to the pauper, whose whole training belts him for it, and it must needs bring home to every mind, better than all precept, the lesson of all charity; for nothing can arouse sympathy for the starving more than to endure starvation one's self. Lord Rothschild, though on that day one of the hardest worked men in the metropolitan Judea, always bears himself extremely well. At the Great Synagogue, Aldgate, he is to be found early in the morning. In the afternoon he leaves his place, and, accompanied by a fellow synagogue-warden, he makes his way to each of the vast gatherings of his poorest co-religionists who are unable to afford to be members of a synagogue, and who, chiefly through his instrumentality, are provided with large halls where all are free to enter on that day. In a very large school, of which he is the president, the great hall is filled almost to suffocation, and there is a large tent erected in the playground to accommodate the overflowing worshipers. To each of these places he pays a visit, where he recites some part of the service in a voice loud and clear, infinitely beyond what is usual with him whenever he speaks at a public meeting. As he walks through the streets from one gathering to another—he may not ride—he is followed by many poor Jews, who do not rest satisfied till they kiss his coat, for his charity among them is indeed great. Then he makes his way back, and stays till evening falls, and the first visible star signifies that all may depart and eat. Many of the congregation who live at some distance from the synagogue go into a public house near at hand, where they receive a glass of brandy and a biscuit. They do not pay for it then, for they have left the requisite money with the proprietor on the previous day, it being strictly forbidden to carry money on the fast day, as on the Sabbath and holidays. The rich worshipers have their carriages waiting for them, inside of which, it may be presumed, there is something provided with which to stave off the pangs of hunger until they are able to breakfast comfortably in their own homes."

THE INHABITANTS OF MARS.

MR. PERCIVAL LOWELL, in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, continues his deeply interesting speculations about the planet Mars, and really seems to prove that intelligent work is displayed in certain features of our astral neighbor, which would establish clearly the existence of rational beings of a very high order.

"Any Martian life," he declares, "must differ markedly from our own. . . . What manner of beings they (the Martian people) may be we have no data to conceive. How diverse, however, they doubtless are from us will appear from such definite deduction as we are able to make from the physical differences between Mars and our earth. For example, the mere difference of gravity on the surface of the two planets is much more far-reaching in its effects than might at first be thought. Gravity on the surface of Mars is only a little more than one-third what it is on the surface of the earth. This would work in two ways to very different conditions of existence from those to which we are accustomed. To begin with, three times as much work, as for example, in digging a canal, could be done by the same expenditure of muscular force. If we were transported to Mars, we would be pleasantly surprised to find all our manual labor suddenly lightened threefold. But, indirectly, there might result a greater gain to our capabilities; for if Nature chose, she could afford there to build her inhabitants on three times the scale she does on earth, without their ever finding it out except by interplanetary comparison."

"As we all know, a very large man is much more unwieldy than a very small one. An elephant refuses to hop like a flea; not because he considers it undignified to do so, but simply because he cannot take the step. If we could, we should all jump straight across the street, instead of painfully paddling through the mud. Our inability to do so depends partly on the size

of the earth and partly on the size of our bodies, and not at all on what at first it seems entirely to depend on—the size of the street.

"To see this, let us consider the very simplest case, that of standing erect. To this every-day feat opposes itself the weight of the body simply, a thing of three dimensions—height, breadth and thickness—while the ability to accomplish it resides in the cross-section of the muscles of the knee, a thing of only two dimensions—breadth and thickness. Consequently, a person half as large again as another has about twice the supporting capacity of that other, but about three times as much support. Standing, therefore, tires him out more quickly. If his size were to go on increasing, he would at last reach a stature at which he would no longer be able to stand at all, but would have to lie down. You shall see the same effect in quite inanimate objects. Take two cylinders of paraffine wax—one made into an ordinary candle, the other into a gigantic fac-simile of one—and then stand both upon their bases. To the small one nothing happens. The big one, however, begins to settle, the base actually made viscous by the pressure of the weight above.

"Now apply this principle to a possible inhabitant of Mars, and suppose him to be constructed three times as large as a human being in every dimension. If he were on earth, he would weigh but nine times as much. The cross-section of his muscles would be nine times as great. Therefore the ratio of his supporting power to the weight he must support would be the same as ours. Consequently he would be able to stand with no more fatigue than we experience. Now consider the work he might be able to do. His muscles, having length, breadth and thickness, would all be twenty-seven times as effective as ours. He would prove twenty-seven times as strong as we, and could accomplish twenty-seven times as much. But he would further work upon what required, owing to decreased gravity, but one-third the effort to overcome. His effective force, therefore, would be eighty-one times as great as man's, whether in digging canals or in other bodily occupation. As gravity on the surface of Mars is really a little more than one-third that at the surface of the earth, the true ratio is not eighty-one, but about fifty: that is, a Martian would be, physically, fifty-fold more efficient than man.

"As the reader will observe, there is nothing problematical about this deduction whatever. It expresses an abstract ratio of physical capabilities which must exist between the two planets, quite irrespective of whether there be denizens on either, or how other conditions may further effect their forms."

FEW things are impossible to the English Post-Office. A letter recently posted at St. Martin's-le-Grand was intended for a house agent in a small Midland town. The sender had forgotten both the name of his correspondent, and the street and his residence; but, having an excellent topographical memory, he supplemented his scanty information by drawing a map in the corner of the envelope and putting a "star" where the letter was to be delivered. As posted the envelope bore only the name of the town and this sketch. It was nevertheless delivered at its correct destination without missing a post.

THESE are some talk in Berlin of celebrating a somewhat singular centenary—that of the origin of the numbering of houses. According to a Germany contemporary, this convenient method of indication was quite unknown, even in London or Paris, until a century ago. In 1795 the practice of numbering private houses was begun in Berlin. Vienna claims the honor of having inaugurated, in 1803, the method of placing the odd numbers on one side of the street and the even ones on the other.

TWO or three species of birds are known to accompany the crocodile whenever he appears above water. Many a hunter has had his prospects for a shot spoiled by the alarm given to the reptile by his watchful attendants. When they see any one approaching, they will fly at the crocodile's nose, giving loud cries, and the beast never waits to investigate, but instantly shuffles into the water at his best speed.

IF a person is choking, break an egg as quickly as possible and give the white—do not beat it—and it will almost certainly dislodge the obstruction, whatever it may be, unless it is lodged in the windpipe.

THE speed trial of the "Columbia" across the Atlantic has awakened very various criticism. Some authorities profess to think that the "Pirate" can catch anything afloat; others that she cannot hope to rival the best of recent merchant steamships. Her time for the 3,112 knots of the voyage was 6 days, 23 hours, 49 minutes. The forced draught was not used in any case.

SIR HENRY IRVING has given Thomas Nast an order to copy the portrait of Shakespeare in the old house at Stratford-on-Avon.

THE failure of the great Genoa bankers, Bingen Brothers, will have very widely spread unpleasant effects in Italy.

A STRANGE story comes from Egypt—that the young Khedive took with him to Constantinople, as a present to his "dear friend" the Sultan, a little pocketbook with five hundred thousand dollars in it, and that, in return, he hinted that he would like the Sultan to back him up when he finds that the time has come to "kick" against the English occupation of the land of the Pharaohs.

THE new filibusters who talk about seizing Hawaii and sending President Dole and his Government adrift in small boats do protest too much. If they had any strength they would not bluster so freely.

Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on "Sleep" in a health paper)—"John, is it best to lie on the right side or the left?"

John (a lawyer)—"If you are on the right side it isn't necessary to lie at all."

Fox upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five pts. a bottle.



SLISFOLD—“YOU HAVE NO SOUL, WOMAN!—Instead of choosing a poet, you should have married a sausage-maker!”
MRS. SLISFOLD—“In that case I should, at least, have had enough to eat.”

At the International Yacht
Race our

“Defender”

will protect
America's
Cup, while

Fibre
Chamois

will hold harmless
against damage by the
damp sea air our ladies'
puffed sleeves and skirts.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

or you may get a cheap substitute that will require
taking out after the dress is worn.

See that what you buy is stamped with letters like this



Fibre Chamois

ONLY

SIX

CENTS.

A
Book of
Western Adventure
also **Historical,**
True, . . .
Educational,
. . . **New.**
Illustrated.

Chas. S. Fee,

Gen'l Pass. Agent,

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

St. Paul,
Minn.

Pears'

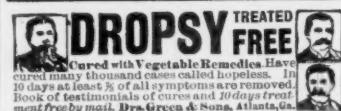
Pears' soap cleanses the outside of the skin immediately, dissolves the soluble part and washes it off immediately. It is friendly with life; it does not touch, till life lets go. It is kind to the living tissue.

THAT RAMBLER IS A MIGHTY FINE BICYCLE



FINE ILLUSTRATED BOOK
OF DETAILS AT ANY
RAMBLER AGENCY

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO
CHICAGO BOSTON WASHINGTON
NEW YORK BROOKLYN DETROIT
COVENTRY ENGLAND



\$75 A MONTH and expenses. Lady or
Gent. Samples free. A permanent situation
guaranteed. Write today. Address P. O. Box 530, Boston, Mass.

VILLA MARIA ACADEMY, 139 E. 79th Street, corner Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

This institution, under the direction of the Nuns of the Congregation de Notre Dame (Montreal), is a select and limited school for young ladies desirous of pursuing any branch of higher education. A special inducement is here offered to those who would acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the French language. Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, Type-writing and Stenography taught by Professors holding Testimonials of superior ability from many of the American Clergy. There is also an Elementary Course. A few young lady boarders can be accommodated in the Convent. Reopens September 8. For terms and particulars apply to

THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ONCE A WEEK BINDER.

Will Hold 52 Copies of the Paper.

Price, \$1.00. Sent postage prepaid.

Cash must accompany order.

\$5.00 IN GOLD.

Presented to any person sending Five Subscriptions to



THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY
of New York.

Containing timely, interesting matter relative
to subjects

POLITICAL, SOCIAL and HUMOROUS.

Subscription, postpaid, \$4.00 a year.

SEND 25c. For sample copy and beautiful
engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

TAMMANY TIMES CO.,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Send 25c for sample copy and beautiful
engravings and signatures of prominent Democratic statesmen, or history of Tammany Hall.

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

To Opponents

OF

The Single-Tax

You judge of our reform without complete understanding of our principle or our position. There is only one national exponent of the single tax, and that is

The Single-Tax Courier,

W. E. BROKAW, Editor.

Price \$1 a Year.

Subscribe For It,

Read It, Then

Criticise Us!

SHERIDAN WEBSTER, Manager.

810 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

